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Collier's

INTERNATIONAL WEEKLY





Siegel Corner, NEW YORK. Broquet Hotel, BUFFALO. Normal and Latin School, BOSTON. Metropolitan Life Insurance Building, NEW YORK. Billings Hall, Wellesley College, WELLESLEY.
 Monadnock Building, SAN FRANCISCO. Dey Brothers Store, SYRACUSE. Times Star Building, CINCINNATI. Land Title and Trust Building, PHILADELPHIA. Auditorium, CANTON. North or (B. & M.) Station, BOSTON. Central Building, NEW YORK.
 Hamberger's Department Store, LOS ANGELES. Bellevue Hotel, SAN FRANCISCO. Southern Bldg., WASH. Bookbinder Bldg., CLEVELAND. Wells Fargo Bldg., PORTLAND. Broad St. Sta., PHILA. Carson-Pirie Scott & Co., CHICAGO. First National Bank Bldg., CLEVELAND. Memorial Hall, Harvard University, CAMBRIDGE.
 Herald Building, NEW YORK. Hudson Terminal Bldg., NEW YORK. Fire, Loan & Co., BROOKLYN. Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, PHILADELPHIA. Martineau Hotel, NEW YORK. Colgate Bldg., JERSEY CITY. Citizens Savings & Trust Bldg., CLEVELAND. Carnegie Bldg., PITTSBURGH.
 Omaha National Bank Building, OMAHA. Chamber of Commerce, PORTLAND. Peoples Savings Bank, SACRAMENTO. Pittsburgh-Lake Erie R. R. Station, PITTSBURGH. Higgins Building, SAN FRANCISCO. Gimbel Brothers, PHILADELPHIA. Boston Opera House, BOSTON.

The City of Edison-Mazda-Light

If *all* the buildings lighted by Edison Mazda Lamps could be grouped together the result would be a city composed of the leading hotels, largest stores, most modern office buildings, banks, theatres, colleges, schools, museums, hospitals, factories, railroad stations, municipal and private buildings of all kinds—and hundreds of thousands of homes.

Only a very small city can be shown here but in these three dozen buildings there are 200,000 Edison Mazda Lamps giving a total light of over 6,000,000 candle-power. Nineteen cities are represented by buildings well known locally and, in some cases, nationally. One of these is the largest and another the tallest office building in the world.

Millions of these sturdy Edison Mazda Lamps are used in buildings of all kinds, on automobiles, and railroad trains and in all places where any electric incandescent lamp can be used. Edison's dream of "Electric-light-for-everybody" has come true.

Begin today to use this lamp that gives nearly three times as much light as the ordinary carbon filament lamp consuming the same amount of current.

Your lighting company or electrical supply dealer will furnish any size from 25 to 500 watts, plain or frosted. Be sure you get Edison Mazda Lamps—the G-E monogram (GE) on the package and on the lamp is for your protection.

Which of the following 20 to 40 page, illustrated pamphlets shall we send:

- "The Lighting of Hotels and Cafes"
- "The Lighting of Office and Public Buildings"
- "The Lighting of Iron and Steel Works"
- "The Lighting of Textile Factories"
- "A New Era in Lighting" (Homes, etc.)



General Electric Company

DEPT. 42

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

The Guarantee of Excellence on Goods Electrical is the monogram trade-mark of the General Electric Company

3341

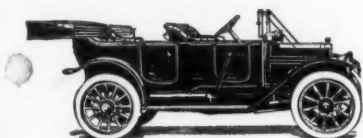
Branch Offices in over 40 cities



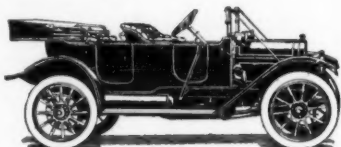
World-wide confidence in the



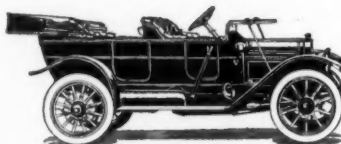
amounts to a deep-rooted conviction



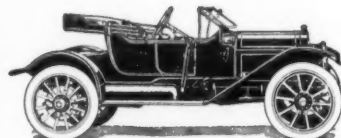
TOURING CAR, \$1800



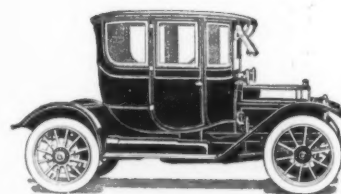
PHAETON, \$1800



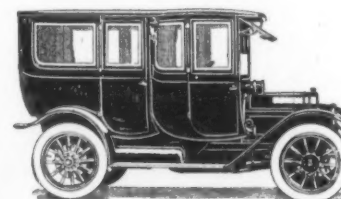
TORPEDO, \$1900



ROADSTER, \$1800



COUPE, Four passenger, \$2250



LIMOUSINE, Seven passenger, \$3250

Prices are F. O. B. Detroit including standard equipment

You will find your Cadillac dealer booking orders and making deliveries in the most "difficult" motor car months of the year.

Therefore, if you have not already placed your order do not be surprised if you find that he cannot "date" the delivery of your car for some time to come.

Stop and consider a moment.

We do not know where you may happen to be when you read this announcement.

It may be in New York; or it may be in San Francisco or it may be in Arizona.

But wherever you are, there—in your home town—is the same intelligent, inflexible, and implicit confidence in the Cadillac which you encounter everywhere.

If you are one of two million people who read it, you are one of two million people who have felt the influence, the impact, of Cadillac reputation.

You may be on a train at this moment. If so, there are probably others near you who give precedence to the Cadillac just as you give it.

The section through which your train is speeding is permeated and saturated with Cadillac enthusiasm.

This year that sentiment is intensified.

The electrical system of starting and lighting has helped greatly. But much more potent is the swelling appreciation of Cadillac standards, enhanced with every year that passes.

It is literally true that it is not possible to remain faithful to Cadillac ideals and supply the demand even with the resources of this great plant.

It is true that your dealer and other dealers cannot buy as many Cadillac cars as they could sell.

It is true that Cadillac demand rises superior to "seasons" and that orders and deliveries must be placed ahead in order to avoid disappointment.

STANDARD EQUIPMENT—Dynamo with 80 A. H. battery for automatic starter, electric lights and ignition. Also Delco distributor ignition system with dry cell current. Lamps, Gray & Davis, especially designed for Cadillac Cars, black enamel with nickel trimmings; two head lights with adjustable globes to regulate light rays; two side lights, tail light. Hans gasoline gauge on dash, horn; full foot rail in tonneau, half foot rail in front; robe rail, tire irons, tool box, set of tools including pump and tire repair kit; cocoa mat in all tonneaux except closed cars. Speedometer, Standard, improved with 4 inch face and electric light.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. - - - Detroit, Mich.

—If you are a lover of books

—and if you want to read one of the most delightful little volumes about books and their makers that you have ever opened, get out your shears and clip off the coupon at the foot of this page. It will bring to you, absolutely free of charge and without reservation of any sort, a 64-page volume which you will find to be as valuable a work as you have ever thumbed through. It is a booklet which we have prepared at considerable expense in order to make possible an adequate description of The Harvard Classics,

Dr. Eliot's

Five-Foot Shelf of Books,

but it has turned out to be such a useful work in itself that we want every lover of books among Collier's readers to have a copy of it. It is not a mere catalogue of titles and authors, but is a chatty, readable summary, such as a college professor might give after lecture hours, stating why certain authors and certain works were chosen and going into a discussion of authors and their works. It is a book full of literary suggestions and usefulness, showing as it does a consensus of trained opinion as to the finest volumes of the World's literature and history—for it represents the views, not only of Dr. Eliot but of a distinguished group of noted educators—it should prove of wonderful service in the library of any reader.

Not a String to it

The booklet is sent without charge or reservation of any sort. In sending you the booklet free, it simply gives us an opportunity to tell you at our leisure—and yours—just what the Five-Foot Shelf really is. The booklets are going rapidly and to avoid disappointment we suggest you tear off the coupon now, and mail it to-day.

This is the book we send you free



12-39-11

P. F. COLLIER & SON
416 West 13th Street, New York

Please send to me by mail, free of charge, the 64-page book describing The Harvard Classics, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

Name.....

Address.....

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 51

THE store keeper's stock is regulated by public demand. He must sell what his customers call for.

The influence of magazine advertising on this situation is enormous. Carefully thought out advertising campaigns create a strong national demand for any commodity. Even inferior goods can be so presented in an advertisement that a big sale will result—people haven't time to study into the merits of every advertising claim that is made.

It is in this respect that the stand taken by conscientious publishers cannot be over-estimated.

By refusing to accept the advertising of worthless goods, of drugs and harmful foods—by refusing all advertising whose claims will not bear a rigid investigation, such magazines do a valuable double service

—by protecting both the consumer and the dealer.

To. B. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

ALCO

1912



6-cylinder, 60 H. P. Landulet	\$6750
6-cylinder, 60 H. P. Limousine	6750
6-cylinder, 60 H. P. Berline Limousine	7250
4-cylinder, 40 H. P. Landulet	5500
4-cylinder, 40 H. P. Limousine	5500
4-cylinder, 40 H. P. Berline Limousine	6000

THE charm in the Alco is the culture in little things. The tilted, deep cushions, the width of doors, the generosity of room within, the comforts in petit appointments, the smartness of finish, and yet the quiet dignity of style that goes always with the superior thing—a daintiness and good taste that catches the fancy.

One little point of compelling interest in the Alco is the illumination of the step at night when the tonneau door is opened. The

lighting is accomplished automatically with the opening of the door by a concealed electric bulb.

This and other little things, uncommon to motor cars, give the Alco a rare motor personality.

One may observe also a new beauty in motor car lines in the 1912 Alco. This the touch of an artist. He has made the Alco a car of enticing—irresistible—beauty.

The new catalog shows and tells more about the Alco. Sent on request.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY, 1889 Broadway, New York

Chicago Branch:
2501 Michigan Avenue
Boston Branch:
567 Boylston Street



Canadian Headquarters:
596 St. Catherine Street, West
Montreal

Is the world doing as Jesus would do?

asks Charles M. Sheldon, and answers the question himself.

Fifteen years ago Dr. Sheldon wrote "In His Steps," asking what Jesus would do if He came to your town and worked for a week in your job. Millions of copies of the book were sold: A daily newspaper gave its issues over to Dr. Sheldon for a week and he published that paper as he thought Jesus would publish it. Societies were organized to live as Jesus would live. The book was translated into every modern tongue.

Is the world nearer to or further from that ideal than it was when the book was published fifteen years ago?

Perhaps you think it further away. Perhaps you don't.

But you would like to know, wouldn't you, what Dr. Sheldon himself would think?

You can find out by reading

The Housekeeper FOR JANUARY

Other features:

Mrs. William J. Burns, the wife of the celebrated detective, tells something of the thrilling experiences that make up a detective's home life.

Ellen Velvin, F. Z. S., contributes some true stories of the women who train wild animals.

Christine Terhune Herrick and Marion Harland, her mother, write of the money that can be saved by using simpler meals.

And there are some dandy stories, two of them by Zona Gale and Emily Calvin Blake.

COLLIER & NAST, Inc., Publishers
443 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.



THREE GENERATIONS OF BABIES

Have been Successfully Raised on

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

It insures a firm foundation for a healthy maturity

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

Success Shorthand

Instruction by mail conducted by Expert Court Reporters.

Highest Trophy for Speed and Accuracy awarded graduate of Correspondence Instruction in Success Shorthand in International Speed Contest, conducted by National Shorthand Reporters' Association, 1910.

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Bright, Soft, Easy on the eyes.

Conforms to insurance underwriters' rules. 12 years of success.

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Should be in every home. Equally good for store, office, church, school. 100 candle power each burner. 1, 2, 3, 4 burners—108 styles. Burns 30 per cent. oil—10 per cent. hydro-carbon vapor. Hollow Wire Systems also. Agents Wanted. Get Free Catalog.

SUN LIGHT CO., 1211 Market St., Canton, O.

KEITH'S 20 WONDER HOUSES



A New Book of 20 Plans showing photo views as actually built and large floor plans for 20 selected types of Keith's best ideas in Bungalows, Cottages and Houses, costing \$2,000 up. They are Wonder Houses for practical, inexpensive homes. Send silver or stamps.

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The University of Chicago

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Correspondence-Study Dept. offers 320 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.

U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.



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or any other language learned quickly and easily by the Cortina-Phone Method at home. Write for free booklet today; easy payment plan.

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294 Cortina Bldg.,
44 W. 21st St., N.Y.



Do You Like to Draw?

That's all we want to know

Now, we will give you any grand prize—a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6c in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning
314 Kingmoore Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Collier's

Saturday, December 30, 1911

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VOLUME XLVIII

NUMBER 15

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirtieth St.; London, 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. For sale by Saarbach's News Exchange in the principal cities of Europe and Egypt; also by Daw's, 17 Green St., Leicester Square, London, W. C. Copyright 1911 by P. F. Collier & Son. Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England, and copyrighted in Great Britain and the British possessions, including Canada. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$6.50 a year. Christmas and Easter special issues, 25 cents.

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Franklin Little Six
30 H. P. \$2800

The first small six-cylinder car built in America. It is the car you have waited for.

Beautiful in design and proportion. Speedy, responsive, silent. Franklin quality throughout.

A five-passenger car—fully equipped.

Write for our new catalogue

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Syracuse N Y

A Perfect Seasoning

For Gravies is essential to a good dinner. It is the test of cooking.



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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Gives that snappy zest which sharpens a dull appetite. Try it with Soups, Fish, Steaks, Chops, Salads and Welsh Rarebits.

A Wonderful Appetizer.

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Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. If you are a trifle sensitive about the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Dancing Parties, Patent Leather Shoes, and for Breaking in New Shoes. When rubbers or overshoes become necessary and your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Ease gives instant relief. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold everywhere, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. In stamps.

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease. FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

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FREE—A beautiful map of California, showing location famous Owens River Valley and our apple orchards, describing plan of development and sale on small monthly payments. You can live at home and receive guaranteed interest until your orchard comes into bearing, or if desired we continue to care for property. California orchards pay big profits. Reliable local and district agents wanted. Write today AQUEDUCT LAND AND ORCHARDS CO. 901 Trust and Savings Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

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A PORTABLE, pure white, steady, safe light. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. 100 candle power. No grease, dirt nor odor. Lighted instantly. Costs 2 cts. per week. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog. Do not delay.

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and Almanac for 1912 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c.

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Box 906 Freeport, Ill.

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How to GET Every Dollar Your Invention is Worth.

Send us 8c. stamps for new 128-page book of Vital Interest to Inventors.

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F. FOY, BOX 24, DES MOINES, I.A.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

by Rev. E. E. HALE, D.D., and other Unitarian literature sent FREE. Address M. W., Arlington St. Church, Boston, Mass.

125-Egg Incubator and Brooder

Freight Paid Both for \$10

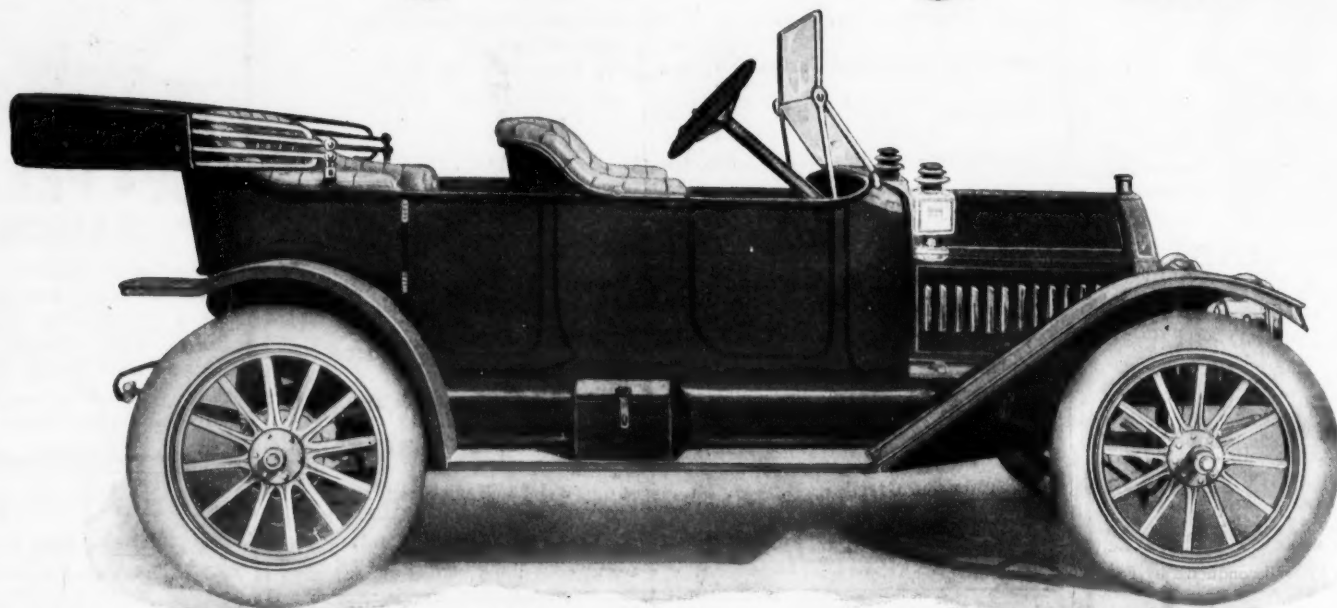
Hot water; double walls; copper tank—best construction. Write for Free Catalog.

WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 113, Racine, Wis.



Five-Passenger Light
Torpedo, \$1250

With Top and Wind-
shield, \$1350



The One Proven Successful Valveless Motor

Nowadays the whole automobile world is ringing with discussion as to the practicability of discarding the poppet valve, and with it the numerous gears, springs, cams, push rods, etc., which actuate it. Everybody has come to realize the simplicity and super-efficiency of the valveless construction. Extravagant claims and arguments are being made for the valveless motors now so widely exploited.

BUT JUST GRASP ONE GREAT FACT. Every such claim put forth applies with two-fold force to the Elmore valveless motor—which in a dozen years of successful service, has in the hands of owners throughout the country proved both its simplicity and its superiority. We passed the experimental stage years ago.

And the Elmore does not cost \$3,000, \$4,000, \$5,000. There is a model to fit every motoring need, at a price well within the purchasing power of the most conservative.

The Elmore was the Pioneer in Valveless Engine Construction

We have advocated the valveless engine since the inception of the automobile industry in America. The first valveless two-cycle Elmore engine that was installed in a motor-car was a success—a great success. And each year we have refined and simplified it until, in this year's models, we are installing a motor that we believe to be as perfect as human ingenuity can make it. We ask you to prove for yourself that it is the simplest, most efficient automobile engine extant.

Elmore owners, the land over, are about the most thorough, consistent, persistent enthusiasts in motordom. In fact, they're generally referred to as Elmore "fans." Our only regret has been that in past years we have never been able to supply all the "friends of our friends" who wanted cars. For we would only turn out the number of cars that we could build 100 per cent. right in every detail. This year, with doubled factory capacity, we hope to come somewhat nearer to supplying the demand.

In buying an Elmore you are not buying an experiment or a novelty, but a motor tested by thousands of owners for over a dozen years—a motor which, by virtue of patent rights, no other motor-car can have.

Elmore Construction is of the Best

There could be no better built car than the Elmore. Skilled workmanship and careful supervision accompany every detail. We aim to make the car itself a worthy setting for the gem of a motor that runs it.

There is no better inspection system in the world than that which assures to Elmore owners the absolute flawlessness of every Elmore part. And exactly the same care is used in the selection of the materials and the finishing of the product.

Whether your need be for a roadster or for one of the various types of touring car, you will find an Elmore model which in appearance and in service will rank with any car at any price. And the wonderful, exclusive Elmore motor, assures you a smooth, sweet running car with the utmost in power efficiency, and with an entire absence of valve troubles and valve expense.

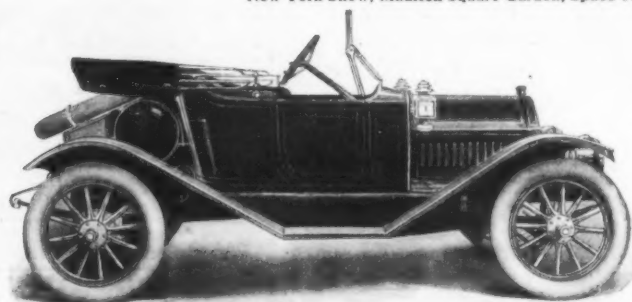
Write for the Elmore Book

We have prepared a very interesting booklet about the Elmore car, which will be sent free on request, together with the name of the nearest dealer where you can see and test this wonderful car for yourself.

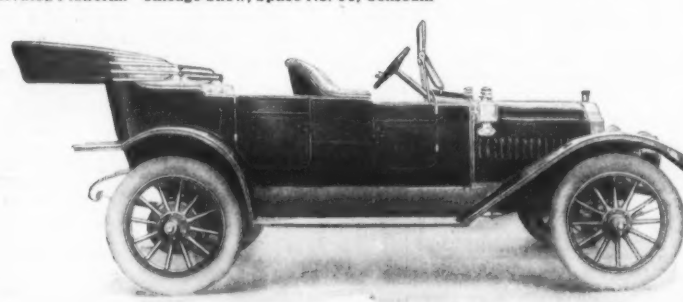
THE ELMORE MANUFACTURING CO., 412 Amanda Street, Clyde, Ohio

DEALERS—For 1912 we have doubled our factory capacity, thus enabling us to double our output. We are therefore enabled to take on a few additional dealers in sections not yet allotted. Write us for 1912 proposition on the one moderate-priced "car with a reason."

New York Show, Madison Square Garden, Space 105, Elevated Platform. Chicago Show, Space No. 01, Coliseum



Torpedo Roadster, \$1150—Top and Windshield Extra



Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$1600—Top and Windshield Extra





Collier's

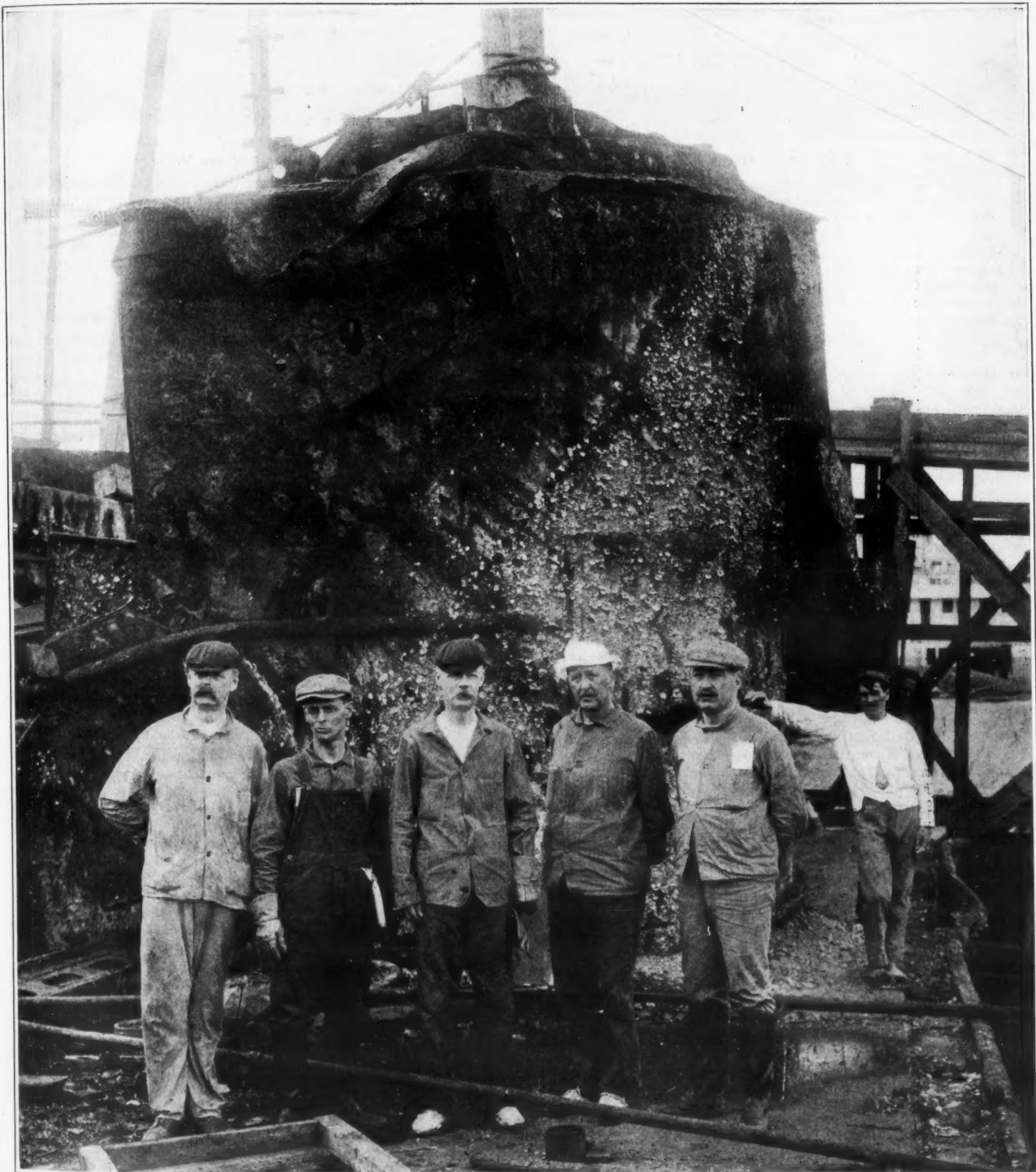
The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*
Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street
NEW YORK

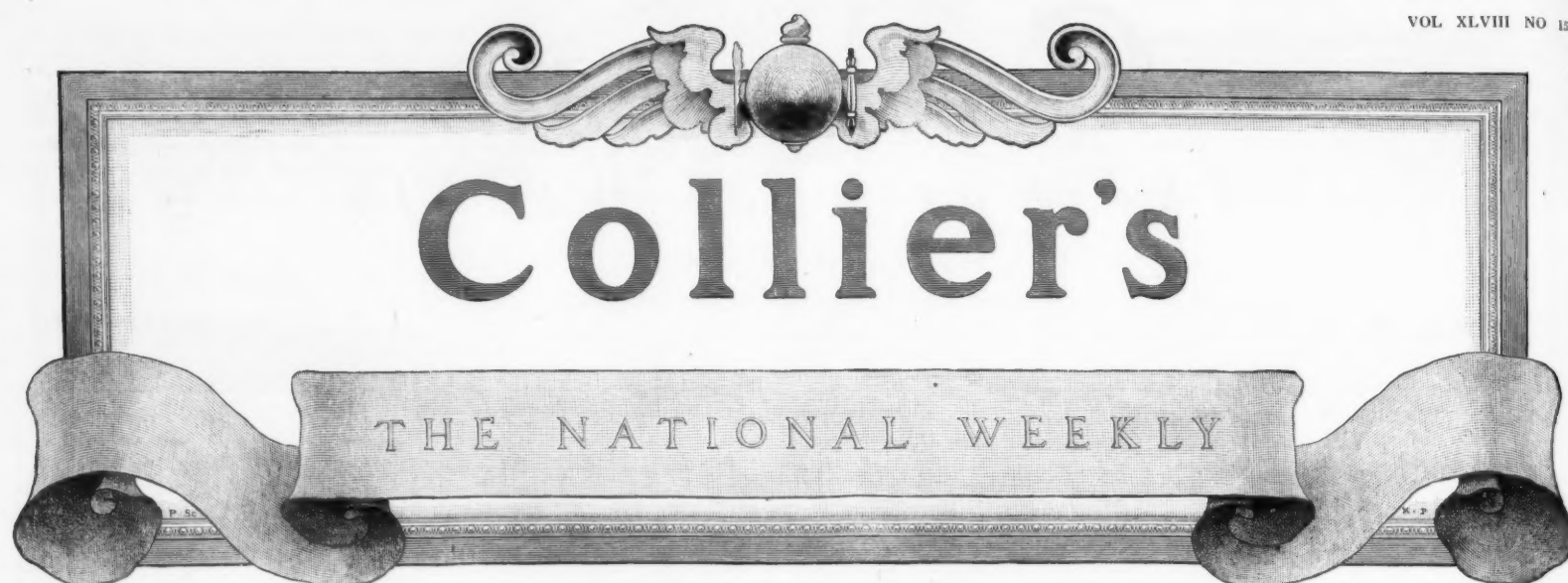
Vol. *xlvi*, No. 15

December 30, 1911



The Way Officers of the United States Navy and Army Inspected the Maine

The mystery of the explosion of the Maine was solved because officers of the navy and the army of the United States are not afraid either of work or of the clothes in which some kinds of work have to be done. The men standing before the wreck are members of the investigating board which reaffirmed that the Maine was sunk by an exterior explosion. From left to right: Commander C. F. Hughes, U.S.N.; Chief Constructor R. M. Watt, U.S.N.; Rear Admiral C. E. Vreeland, U.S.N.; Colonel W. M. Black, U.S.A., and Commander Joseph Strauss, U.S.N.



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A New-Year Desire

IN THE APPROACHING YEAR may we keep our reverence unimpaired for the humble-minded and those who have suffered much; our humor alert for our own mistakes and our self-sufficiency, and not at any time wreak it upon the aged, the crippled, the obscure. May we guard childhood and honor age, however infirm and petulant, because it has gone a long way on the same road that bruises our feet; and ever seek to prolong the brief moment of joy as it visits children and lovers. May we have the grace to rejoice in the flow of life as it moves through men from generation to generation, and to be purified by the mystery in which we dwell—the night silences and the wonder of our inner life. May we know that humanity is vaster than any creed of its devising, any church of its building, any religion of its shaping. May we look upon the widespread spectacle of human suffering and, having endured to look upon it, learn to know our single life—seemingly so unique—as a drop of that infinite sea. When it comes our time to realize that in this earthly progress we shall not long dwell with happiness or with success, may we clear our spirit of bitterness, and in calm strength continue at the work.

Who Gave Out the Information?

THE FUNDAMENTAL ASPECT of the Woodrow Wilson-Carnegie Fund exposure seems to us to have escaped attention in the discussion that has raged about it. The trustees of the Carnegie pension fund for retired college teachers are:

FRANK A. VANDERLIP	ARTHUR T. HADLEY	NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER
JACOB G. SCHURMAN	H. McCLELLAND BELL	WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD
A. LAWRENCE LOWELL	GEORGE H. DENNY	HENRY S. PRITCHETT
S. B. MCCORMICK	JAMES M. TAYLOR	T. MORRIS CARNEGIE
EDWIN B. CRAIGHEAD	WILLIAM PETERSON	ROBERT A. FRANK FRANKS
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CHARLES F. THWING	DAVID S. JORDAN	WILLIAM L. BRYAN
THOMAS McCLELLAND	IRA REMSEN	ALEXANDER C. HUMPHREYS

These men, in November, 1910, received and passed upon an application for a pension from WOODROW WILSON. For more than a year they did not treat the existence of this application in any other manner than they treated hundreds of others of which they were the official custodians. But in November, 1911, at a time likely to injure Mr. WILSON's ambition to obtain a high public office, they permitted the facts of this one application to become public. It was made public through the paper which is the recognized court circular of the sort of man that Mr. FRANK VANDERLIP, for example, is—that is to say, a Wall Street bank president who doesn't like the kind of Presidential candidate that WOODROW WILSON is. It was made public with a circumstantiality which paraded rather than concealed its source; its authoritativeness was not less conspicuous than its malevolence; and this gives rise to what seems to us the fundamental question: If their conception of the perquisites of their position permits these trustees to make use of official information so as to influence an important public matter, will they not with equal certainty and greater effectiveness make use of their control of ten million dollars? Some years ago WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN persuaded the Nebraska Legislature to reject a bill permitting the teachers in the university of that State to become the beneficiaries of the Carnegie Fund; he feared a time when the custodians of that fund might intimidate college professors looking to it for comfort in their old age. For the same reason, JOSEPH W. FOLK, when Governor of Missouri, vetoed a similar bill. These men thought that college teachers should not be subjected to the temptation of considering what sort of teaching might seem desirable, and what sort undesirable, to the custodians of ten million dollars—a distinction which is made measurably clear by the present episode. At the time we thought Mr. BRYAN and Mr. FOLK were needlessly suspicious. We are now disposed to believe they were wise. If any of the trustees think our criticism is too inclusive, we anticipate their just grievance, and promise to limit our comment to the responsible individuals, upon receipt of the necessary information from the only persons capable of giving it.

Whisky and Negro Votes

SO COMPLETELY does a typewritten circular tell its own story that it shall be burdened with few words of preface. It was distributed through the mails among the little cornfield cabins of the negroes near Dublin, Georgia; at the top it bore this legend:

OFFICE OF CLARK GRIER

Chairman Republican Campaign Committee 1908
Delegate at large to Republican National Convention
Chairman Republican Executive Committee 12th Cong. Dist. of Ga.

To the information contained in this letterhead we are able to add that until recently GRIER was, by virtue of the favor of a Republican President of the United States, postmaster of this Georgia town of six thousand; just now he seems to have transferred the office to his wife. The circular reads:

DEAR SIR—On the reverse side of this sheet you will find information that will explain how you can register and vote.

The impression prevails that all colored men are disfranchised in Georgia; this is not true. Post yourself, and the way is open if you demand your rights. . . .

Georgia is not one of the States that has passed laws that disfranchises a man on account of his color; to let the colored man know this fact, and to aid him in an honest effort to retain his franchise, is the object of this letter. . . .

There is more exhortation in the same spirit so far. The letter is full enough of the qualities that make up the frightful tragedy which the Republican party fastened on the South in Reconstruction; it pictures, without meaning to, the sort of white man that manages the Republican party and holds Federal office in the South; the attempt to make personal gain out of party prejudice is clear; the effort to stir up race feeling is unconcealed. But CLARK GRIER does not rely merely upon the potency of English words to foment race passion. Read the next paragraph:

In sending the printed instructions on the back of this letter to every colored man whose name is furnished me, I am spending lots of money, and this expense is being paid by the Georgia Distributing Company of Jacksonville, Florida, distributors of pure whiskies, etc., whose circular I inclose, and I want you to patronize this firm for this generous act on their part toward the colored men of Georgia.

There you have the picture. But, Northern reader, it will only faintly suggest to you the awful tragedy the decent South endures from men like CLARK GRIER, unless you happen to know the part that whisky plays in clashes between the races—"nigger" whisky, well known to stimulate the crimes which most often lead to lynching.

Doubtless CLARK GRIER will be a delegate to the Republican Convention in Chicago; doubtless he will shake the hands of statesmen and fraternize with the great; on his way back he may stop at Washington, lunch with the Postmaster-General, and receive assurances that his distinguished zeal in behalf of the party shall be rewarded by the postmastership again. As he walks from his home to the office where he represents the Government of the United States, there will be plenty in his town to bid him good morning.

Feeble Politics

THESE TWO PAGES are in part a guide to better reading than they themselves contain. Kindly peruse Mr. SULLIVAN's department in this issue, and see how fully the Democratic House has found an opportunity to play the ass. If the Senate passes the outrageous pension bill also, the President, instead of being in a hole, as some childish gamblers hope, will at once gain prestige by showing a courageous fulfillment of his duty. He has announced that he will veto the bill, and the country will enthusiastically support him. A great change has taken place, since CLEVELAND's day, in the temper of the nation. Brother Jonathan is much less diverted by the spectacle of statesmen feeding voters from the above-mentioned trough. Messrs. UNDERWOOD and FITZGERALD did their best, but plenty of unruly members were anxious to have the donkey remain the Democratic emblem, and we sincerely regret that Speaker CLARK took especial trouble to have himself enrolled in that engaging throng, thus successfully, although quite unintentionally, putting the final nail in the coffin of his Presidential hopes.

Empty Chimneys

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY has an unfailing interest in the well-being of the American people. The following words reflect one aspect of this interest:

No man, woman, or child should live in any place where it is impossible to possess an individual plot of earth. A garden is one of the natural and inalienable rights of every human being. . . . I firmly believe that the way to solve the pure-food problem, the congestion problem, the child problem, the labor problem—not to mention a few others—is simply to "get back to the land."

Dr. WILEY would do a service if he would state what sort of treatment of the tariff would be likely to help carry out his program. The threat of "the empty factory chimney" is a slogan with the high protectionists. But is an empty factory chimney worse than a hundred empty farm chimneys?

Dr. Eliot

SEVENTY-SEVEN YEARS OF AGE when he started around the world, CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT was asked if he was going to take an uninterrupted rest. "I have all the rest I need," he said, "when I am asleep." When Mr. ELIOT ceased to be president of a great university he undertook The Harvard Classics, and worked like a particularly able man of forty. Also he has taken an active interest in all that concerns a citizen. His trip around the world was undertaken for the promotion of peace. Physical strength in age is among the rewards of a well-spent life.

What Is Radical?

DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, was furiously denounced when in 1909 he introduced his budget. Now even many of the English reactionaries accept his reforms as useful, and are busy barking about later happenings, like the shackling of the House of Lords. Soon that will be forgotten in Home Rule. What did LLOYD-GEORGE do in 1909, and how does it compare with what the United States is trying to accomplish now? He passed a graduated income tax and a graduated inheritance tax. How new and startling was this step? In 1909 France raised more than \$150,000,000 from these two sources. LLOYD-GEORGE also included a pension system, to save the workers of the land from the bitterness of want in their old age, and a system of compulsory insurance for workmen against sickness and such unemployment as was in no way their fault—the workman, the employer, and the Government each to pay a share of the premium. How alarming was this? When BISMARCK was strengthening the foundations of the new German Empire, one of the first things he did was to organize a scheme to insure the German workmen and their families against these most common misfortunes of life. LLOYD-GEORGE included a tax on the larger areas of unworked or unimproved private land, which have been England's greatest waste and Ireland's most active menace for centuries; a larger appropriation for forestry and for "development and road improvement"; an increased excise tax; a tax on automobiles in accordance with their horse power. As far as the passage of humane and non-political legislation is concerned, we are to-day rated as one of the backward nations of the earth. We are engaged in an attempt to catch up. Measures are being proposed for regulation of corporations which produce the necessities of life; for using the public wealth of the nation for the good of the whole nation instead of for any special class; for insuring to the people an opportunity of initiating good laws when Legislatures will not pass them, and for repealing bad laws when Legislatures do pass them; for Presidential primaries, so that the people will have a real voice in the selection of candidates for the Presidency; for making employers' liability laws the universal rule.

In this campaign for democracy the Progressives have been led by Senator LA FOLLETTE of Wisconsin. Therefore, in the United States, LA FOLLETTE is deemed by many a dangerous radical, although his measures are years behind the progressives of England. We have information, which we believe, although we are not in a position to offer proof, that during the recent Senatorial election campaign in Wisconsin, a fund of some hundreds of thousands of dollars was raised in Wall Street and used in LA FOLLETTE'S State to defeat him for reelection. If the gentlemen who subscribed to this fund had first taken the pains to find out what LA FOLLETTE is really trying to do, or if they had first turned their eyes across the sea and studied the similar career of LLOYD-GEORGE, they might have seen the futility of their expenditure and gained both in pocket and in insight.

Work and Reason

MR. BRANDEIS, whose creative thought and effort in behalf of labor are now everywhere recognized, some weeks ago published an able article on "organized labor and efficiency" in the "Labor Clarion" of San Francisco. He began by discussing the rising standards of living and the efforts of employers to keep them down by the use of cheap immigrants. He then explained that efficiency of materials, of plant, of working capital, and of service is as much needed as efficiency of labor, and all are taken into account by scientific management, which seeks to do for industry systematically, in conserving effort, materials, and capital, what is now in various places done sporadically. The great error is to imagine that this means increased fatigue from "speeding up." When Mr. TAYLOR enabled coal to be shoveled into a car in one-third or one-quarter the time, he was protecting the laborer, not exploiting him. The fact that more can be accomplished by a given

amount of effort means that food, air, light, clothes, and education can be produced in greater abundance and at less cost in time and struggle. The bonus system is the principal point of attack. It has been often misused, but unionism is often most successful where one man earns more than another, as among the cigar makers and the boot and shoe workers. The efficiency movement cannot stop. When the railroad followed the stage coach, and the mowing machine took the sickle's place, many feared disaster, but the result has been that for eight hours' work the laborer can secure more of life's goods than he formerly could for twelve.

In Behalf of Women

MORE THAN HALF THE BURDEN of the world (far more) has ever been borne by women, and perhaps forever must be. Humanity is endeavoring now to lighten it. The Oregon ten-hour case before the United States Supreme Court decided the elementary proposition that a State has the right to protect its women in industry, and through them its children and its men. Ohio in some ways has been a leader. Girls have the protection of the eight-hour law up to eighteen years; and they are not to be employed up to six. Last winter she joined the list of States which have protected adult women also by the enactment of laws limiting their work. She, like Wisconsin, passed a ten-hour law for certain industries, while during the same winter Utah and Missouri legislated for nine hours, California and Washington for eight, and many other States for the extension of existing laws. The courts of Illinois, Michigan, Louisiana, Virginia, and Missouri have supported such legislation. Courts in California, Washington, and Ohio are now considering them, but it is difficult to believe that any one of these courts will set itself up against such accepted progress. The arguments on the other side are the same old absurd survivals of another era. In Ohio, for instance, it is argued that such legislation infringes the right to contract and makes arbitrary and capricious distinctions. The time has passed when the public has much patience with the twisting of constitutions to promote injustice and to protect the exploiting few against the welfare of society.

Manhood

THAT GOOD SOMETIMES GROWS out of evil, struggling humanity is assured by the copy-book, and also by experience. The city of Newark, Ohio, is showing how this trick is done. All that is required is strength of will. Since an antisaloon detective was lynched in Newark, on July 8, 1910, the business men have set out to see that the city is in every way improved. For the lynching one man has received a life sentence, two have been sentenced to twenty years, one to fifteen years, one to a three-year suspended sentence; several have been sent to the reformatory; nine are still awaiting trial, and only one has been acquitted—he having obtained a change of venue to another county and the evidence against him being slight. So much for the example in law enforcement which Newark sets to the rest of the country. (See CARL SNYDER'S series in a great national weekly which we always endeavor not to mention.) Now what else has this town been doing? On one day over 1,300 loads of rubbish were taken out of the town. On Arbor Day over 300 trees were planted by 3,500 school children. Sixty cash and merchandise prizes have been given for the most attractive flower beds. The playground problem is being handled energetically. The people have been made to feel that they want to help to prove Newark a model town of 25,000; to make it larger; and, above all, to make it every month a better place for their children to grow up in.

Falling in Line

THE DETERMINATION OF COMMUNITIES to have food that suits their health and gives their money's worth goes on. We have spoken lately of Westfield and Worcester, in Massachusetts, and of Chicago. Now comes an announcement that Providence will have a pure-food and domestic-science exhibition from February 19 to March 12 next, conducted by the federated women's clubs of Rhode Island, the Butchers', Grocers', and Marketmen's State Association, and the Retail Grocers' and Marketmen's Association of Providence. Other communities please take notice.

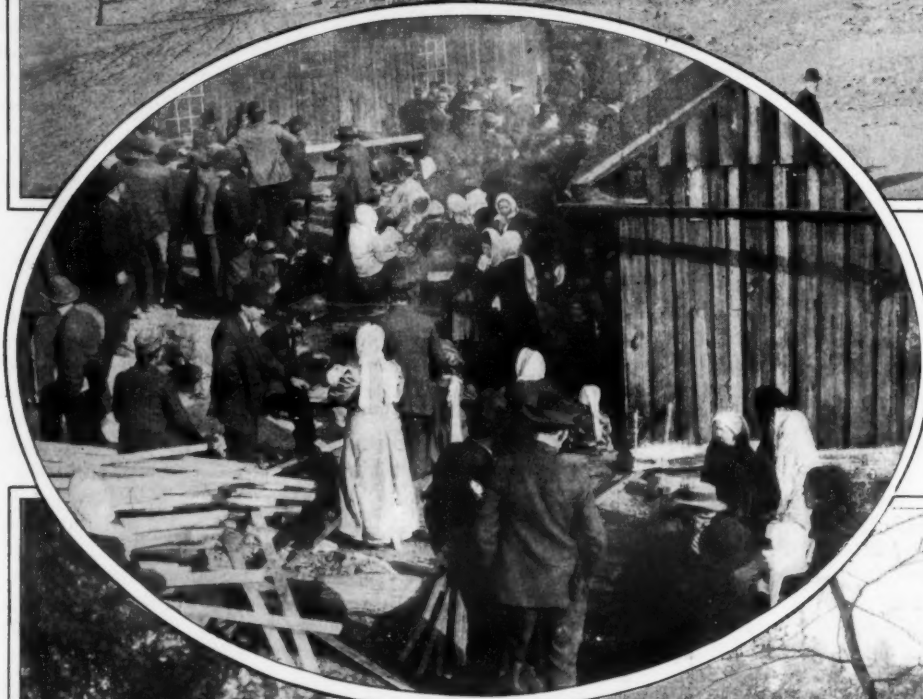
Patriotism and Voices

WHEN DR. JOHNSON called patriotism "the last refuge of a scoundrel," the lively old gentleman was striking at that brand of jingoism which pretends that everything belonging to ourselves is right. Only twenty-two-carat patriotism can hold that the ordinary citizen in these United States gets habitually out of his throat the greatest amount of harmony of which the human voice is capable. The average American pronunciation, enunciation, and tonal quality are not just like what the Duke in "Twelfth Night" said about his favorite tune:

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets.

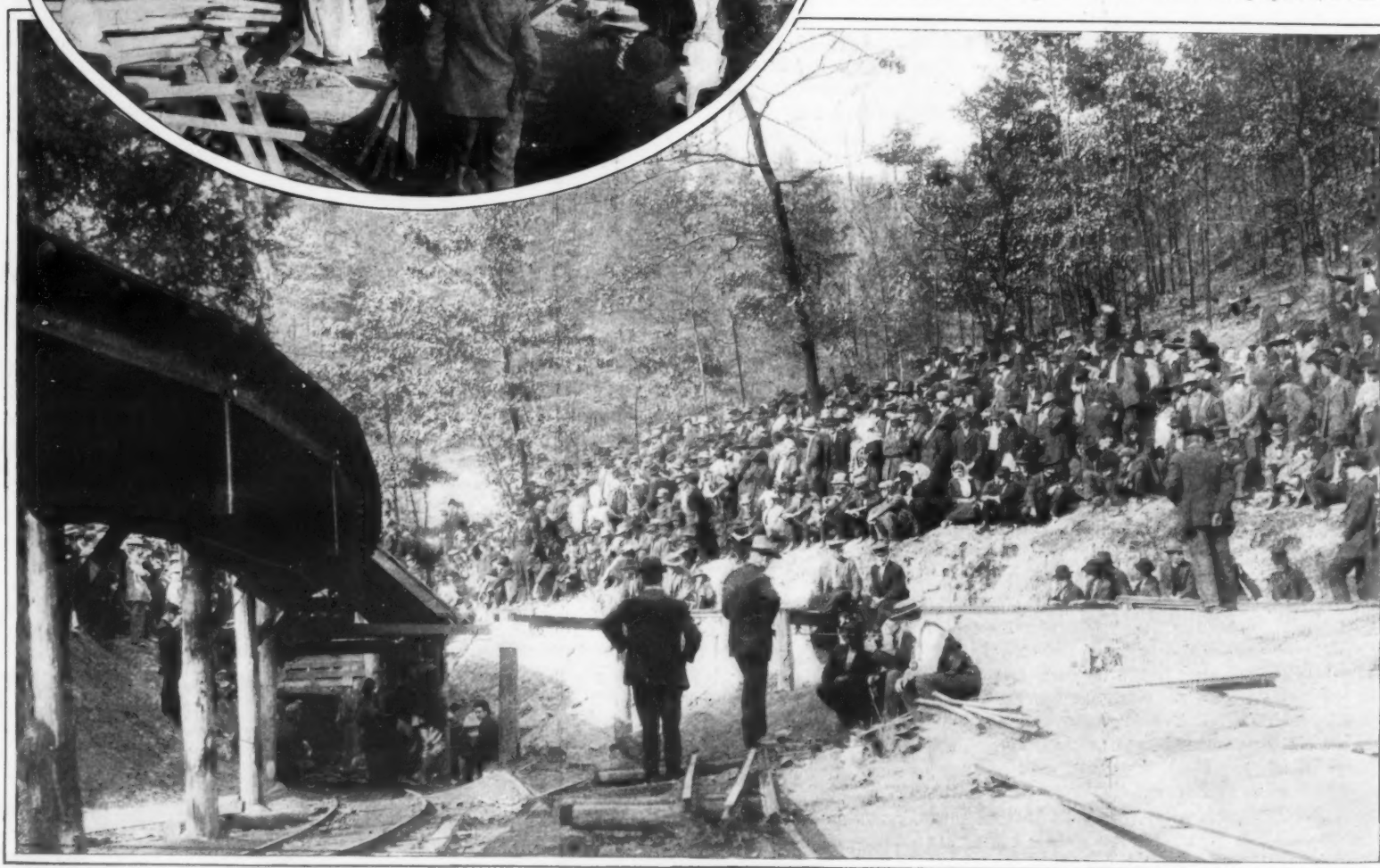
The complaint is heard in some quarters that too many British actors are imported to these shores: it was heard, for example, about the late lamented New Theatre, which included a considerable percentage of actors from abroad. Let us rather rejoice at this importation, hoping that it, like the employment of British governesses, and like foreign travel, may help Americans to draw from their diaphragms noises more worthy of their souls.

Every House in This Mining Village Had Its Funeral



The Briceville Mine Horror

EIGHTY-FIVE coal miners were entombed in the Cross Mountain Coal Mine of the Knoxville Iron Company at Briceville, Tennessee, on December 9, by an explosion of coal gas. Five men were rescued three days later, they having been able to erect across a narrow gallery a bulkhead tight enough to keep out the afterdamp. Some who might have been saved went mad and raced to meet death in the poisonous fumes. Federal mine rescuers followed them in vain. Seventy-seven bodies were recovered after several days. The photograph to the left shows groups of friends and relatives about the building in which the bodies were prepared for burial



The Hopeless Wait at the Mouth of the Pit

This is the scene witnessed in every mine disaster—the grief-stricken watch of families for those who will not come. Mothers are here, and wives, and little children

The Extravagant Cost of the Law

An Army of Judges Delaying and Defeating Justice with Innumerable Reversals

By CARL SNYDER

ALL the Legislatures—including the Federal Congress—seem to have been stricken with a mania for making more judges. This mania becomes especially acute when it is a question of more courts of appeal, which, in practice at least, are simply courts of delay.

And this is the happy result:

We have in the United States at least five times as many judges as there is any necessity for, and the chief occupation of these judges is the obstruction of justice.

This is a grave charge. Let us consider the facts.

To begin with, the curious fact is that there is probably not a single human being in the United States who knows how many judges there are, nor how much business they transact. And it would be a huge labor to find out. I am not at all sure that anyone could find out.

In England, in Ireland, in Scotland, it is sufficient to take down a blue book and know these things to a jot—how many cases tried, civil and criminal; how many judgments, convictions, appeals, reversals and all, year by year.

The United States being but a half-civilized, pistol-toting, and murderous nation, where the administration of the law is often a hundred years behind the age, none of these things is obtainable.

And as nobody knows, nobody seems to care. We are content with our ignorance, as we are content with our lawlessness and the thimblerrigging of the attorneys.

By taking the meager records for several leading States, I have, however, been able to make a rough sort of computation, which, if not exact, will err only on the conservative side.

First as to the number of judges: and first as to a base line.

In spite of a flood of immigration, we are still an English people, in customs, laws, and institutions, as well as in speech and race. Our common law is the English common law. The great authorities in questions of law are English jurists, alike for England and America. Our courts were modeled on the English courts. Their tradition is our tradition. There has never been any break.

The English Way

NOW in all England, dealing out justice, both civil and criminal, there are only about 135 judges, so designated. There are, in addition, in the various cities and towns, about 60 recorders who answer more or less to our city magistrates, and there are five members of the House of Lords who sit in certain appeal cases. A great amount of petty civil business, too, is transacted by the registrars, who have a very limited or semijudicial function, and in England the justices of the peace are men of standing in the community, very frequently not lawyers; but they sit in neither civil nor indictable cases.

There are, too, a number of ecclesiastical and similar courts, but these have ceased to function in the civil or criminal law. All told, the judges and magistrates who do so function number about 200. This is for a population of about 30,000,000 people.

Now supposing an Englishman were to come to this country, landing at our chief port, and ask: "How many judges have you here?"

No one could answer.

"Then how many in New York alone?"

How many could answer? I venture not ten persons, in the bar or out of it, in all the city. The answer is:

There are nearly as many judges in the city of New York alone as in all England—about 144 in all. And these 144 judges draw a higher average salary than any other 144 officials in the entire country.

Can you believe it? Let us count them up, and their salaries:

There are, to begin with, thirty "Supreme Justices" for the island of Manhattan alone, twenty more for the Second District, comprising Brooklyn and its environs—fifty in all. What do you suppose these "Supreme Justices" receive? Bear in mind that the Chief Justice of the United States receives only \$13,000 per annum, and the other justices only \$12,500 each, and that these are the positions of highest judicial honor

JUSTICE DONE	and	JUSTICE BLOCKED
ENGLAND (32,500,000 people)		UNITED STATES (90,000,000 people)
About 200 judges (1909)		Over 3,600 judges
Civil cases (all courts):		Total cases } No information of any
Total actions 1,513,000		Total heard } kind to be had
Total heard 475,000		Total appeals over 500
Appeals 867		Appellate Judges over 24,000
Reversed 238		Written opinions of
New trials 17		Appellate Courts over 8,000
Criminal courts:		Reversed and new
New trials None		trials (estimated) . . . over 8,000

and responsibility in the United States. The next highest are the judges of the United States Circuit Courts, and these judges receive \$7,000 each. These men ought to be the pick of their profession.

The fifty judges of the Supreme Court for New York City are largely men who have obtained their positions through Tammany or similar political influence, and, as Richard Croker revealed in his sworn testimony, frequently as a consequence of direct bartering for a cash consideration. Some of them are men of mediocre ability and morals, and they have been denounced by the president of the New York State Bar Association as lazy and incompetent.

Yet these fifty judges receive a salary of *seventeen thousand five hundred dollars each*—that is, eight hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars annually for the lot.

And this is merely a slender beginning. There is also an "Appellate Division" of this "Supreme Court," made up in part from the above fifty and in part from the other fifty justices of the Supreme Court for the balance of the State. These other fifty justices have

of \$9,000 per year by reading the proofs and advising as to the libel possibilities for the cruel and blackmailing publication known as "Town Topics." All told, this court adds \$115,000 more in salaries.

There is next the so-called "City Court," of ten judges at the modest salary of *twelve thousand dollars each*. This adds \$120,000 to the roll.

Then there is the "County Court" of Kings County—two judges with a salary of *twelve thousand five hundred dollars each*.

Then there is the "Surrogates' Court" for New York County—two fat jobs at salaries of *fifteen thousand dollars each*. Needless to add, Brooklyn also has a Surrogate with a salary of \$10,000.

Next, there are the "Municipal Courts" for the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx alone, *twenty-seven judges* at an annual salary of \$8,000 each—two hundred and sixteen thousand dollars more.

And finally there is the band of "City Magistrates"—*sixteen more judges* at \$7,000—\$112,000 additional.

Finally, did I say? This is a mistake, for practically every case brought before this huge phalanx of judges may be carried through the Appellate Courts up to the New York State "Court of Appeals"—nine more judges with salaries of \$14,200 and \$13,700 respectively. Inasmuch as New York City has fifty justices out of a total of one hundred justices of the "Supreme Bench," to say nothing of the bewildering list of other courts, it is to be presumed that more than two-thirds of the cases before the Court of Appeals originate in Greater New York, and that therefore at least two-thirds of the \$113,000 in salaries received by these judges is to be accredited to the city—say six judgeships and \$75,000 in salaries.

And all of this, of course, does not include the Federal Courts. But these are small beer. The four circuit judges receive only \$7,000 each and the four district judges only \$6,000 each. Still, here are eight more judgeships: \$52,000 in salaries.

Let the reader be then threatened with insanity in endeavoring to follow this enumeration, let us recapitulate in tabular form:

8 Judges Federal Court	\$52,000
6 " Court of Appeals	75,000
50 " Supreme Court	875,000
7 " General Sessions	105,000
15 " Special Sessions	115,000
10 " City Court	120,000
3 " Surrogates' Court	40,000
2 " County Court	25,000
27 " Municipal Courts	216,000
16 City Magistrates	112,000
144	\$1,735,000

Heedless, complacent payer of taxes, sit down with yourself for a moment and *try*, just once, to grasp what this means—144 judgeships each at an average salary of nearly that of a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States—for the four or five million people of New York City alone.

Who would not wish to be a lawyer—and a subservient Tammany or Republican machine tool in New York City? And who is there to criticize the acumen of ex-Congressman Willett of Brooklyn, who thought it good business to pay \$10,000 for a nomination for one of these succulent jobs?

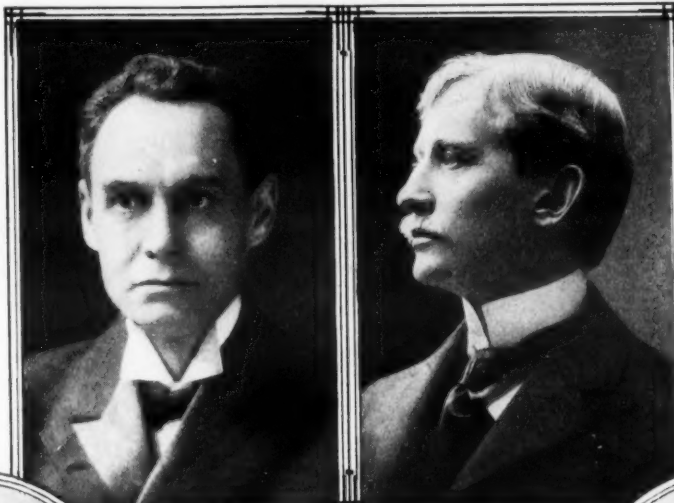
In New York State

BUT does anyone imagine that these are conditions peculiar to New York City? Listen then to the rest of the story. New York and Brooklyn, with over half the population of the State, have fifty Supreme Justices, but the rest of the State has *fifty!* It is true that these draw no princely salaries like their city brothers,

but it is fifty more fat jobs nevertheless. Then there are others. All told, the roster for New York State shows:

Supreme Judges	100
County Judges	61
Special Judges	13
Surrogates Judges	62
Special Judges	9
Court of Claims	3
Court of Appeals	9
Total	257

In addition to this number, there are eighty-three more judges for Greater New York, with the minor towns



Justice H. E. Deemer
(Iowa)

Judge Adolph Rodenbeck
(New York)

Four distinguished jurists who are seeking to reform and simplify the law

merely to do with country justice—for yahoos and yokels. (Justice for these, of course, being worth very little in comparison with justice for city people, they receive only \$7,200 per year each.) But if they sit as justices of the Appellate Division of the First and Second Divisions, that is, for New York and Brooklyn, they receive the full salary of \$17,500 each. If they sit as appellate justices for the backwoods—that is, for Buffalo, Albany, Rochester, and Ithaca and the like, they receive only \$10 per day additional to their \$7,200.

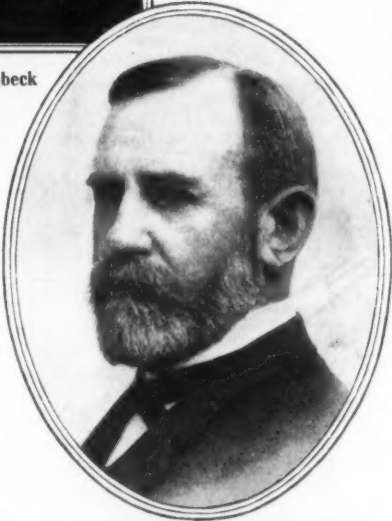
This, of course, is highly intelligent, and has nothing to do, for example, with the old Tammany-Platt alliance.

These fifty justiceships at \$17,500 each not providing a sufficient number of fat jobs, there is next a "Court of General Sessions" with seven more judges, at the modest salary of \$15,000 each. The character of one man does not damn a whole court, but it is worthy of note that this court is headed by T. C. T. Crain, formerly a well-known politician, whose decisions have frequently been the subject of severe criticism.

Then there is next a "Court of Special Sessions." This includes a chief justice and fourteen other justices—six more than the Supreme Court of the United States, and these receive salaries varying from \$6,000 to \$10,000 each. The ranking justice below the "Chief Justice" is Joseph M. Deuel, who admitted to eking out his salary



Judge George Hillyer (Georgia)



Adelbert Moot (New York)

from Albany to Buffalo yet to be heard from. All told, a total of 360 judges for New York State would probably be under rather than over the mark.

The condition has been denounced by a commission appointed to revise court procedure in New York. Adelbert Moot of Buffalo is at the head of the commission.

New York is old and lawyer-ridden. Illinois with its chief city is new and run, as everyone knows, on a strictly business basis. Therefore, while New York has many judges, the Western State will have very few. So far I have been able to find only the following (Federal judges not counted):

Circuit Court.....	51
Supreme Court.....	7
Cook County.....	59
Other City.....	11
County.....	109
Total.....	237

Two hundred and thirty-seven judges for less than six million people!

It is extremely difficult to obtain full lists from the various States, for the simple reason that the rosters give only the State judges and often omit the police and superior courts of the larger cities. So the following figures are merely minimum estimates:

Indiana has a Circuit Court of five, and an Appellate Court of six. In a subsequent article I shall have something to say about how this set of "jurists" play battledore and shuttlecock with justice. Circuit Courts and Superior Courts, 111: a total of 122!

Western States Just as Bad

LET us go one degree farther West, to peaceful, rural Iowa—no large cities, no huge foreign population; actually the population has stood still for twenty years; the smallest illiteracy in the Union, a university in every other county. Sixty judges!

In Ohio I find similarly at least 130, in Pennsylvania 168, and in California 123.

The minimum figures show therefore a mild trifle of 1,200 judges in seven States. These seven States contain a little over one-third of the total population of the nation.

The list contains none of the Southern States, where, as is well known, the hair-trigger technicalities of the law flourish as nowhere else, and you are safe in greeting every fourth man as "Judge." And I have not yet included the various Federal Courts, the judges of the Supreme Court, the judges of the District Courts, the judges of the Court of Claims, the judges of the Court of Commerce, the judges of the Court of Customs Appeals, the Territorial and Colonial Courts, and Heaven only knows how many others!

All told, I think it is safe to estimate that:

There are not far from 4,000 judges in the United States.

This is, of course, saying nothing of the justices of the peace and other minor functionaries. All in all, I think it fair to say that the total is twenty times as many as in all England.

Now, admitting that human justice is now, and will probably long remain, a clumsy and rather brutal affair, it is certain that its administration in England, despite all criticism, has reached a far higher degree of development than in any other nation on earth. That the jurists of every country concede.

Conversely, it is admitted that in the United States the administration of justice is on a lower plane than among any other civilized people. (I would not include Russia in this designation.) It is in fact a byword.

Is there any relationship between these conditions and the fact that we have proportionally six or seven times as many judges as England? I believe there is, and despite the disgraceful lack of any kind of information as to our American courts, I believe that the proof of this may be found.

Consider the figures which I have set forth in tabular form. In a little more detail, here is the record of the English criminal courts for this year (1907):

Non-indictable offenses.....	685,000
Fined.....	498,000
Total convictions.....	597,000=88%
Indictable offenses reported.....	98,822
Prosecuted.....	68,710
Summarily tried and convicted.....	39,992
Tried by Superior Courts.....	13,000
Discharged.....	318
Insane.....	36
Convictions.....	10,379=80%

Compare this record with the figures for the United States which I have given in a former article, indicating that even among murders, to say nothing of minor offenses, not one case in four is ever tried, and not in one case in ten is there ever a conviction that holds. This, of course, includes sections of the country still in a half savage state, where murders are almost everyday affairs, as, for example, an average of over two hundred a year in Alabama, a thousand a year in Texas, etc.

But consider the record of some of our most highly developed communities where social regulation by law has long obtained. In the Boston Superior Court for the nine months ending June, 1910, there were 276 jury trials, and out of these one hundred failed of conviction.

Then reflect that in England conviction in 98 per cent

¶ This is the fourth of the series of articles on the Scandals of the Law. The first, "The Encouragement to Kill," appeared November 25, the second, on "The Monstrous Breakdown of the Criminal Law," December 2, and the third, "The Scandal of the Lawless Law," December 23.

of cases means conviction, and that no court in the realm has the power to grant or order a new trial. Once tried, a prisoner has nothing more to fear, or hope; while in this country with the first conviction a trial is little more than begun.

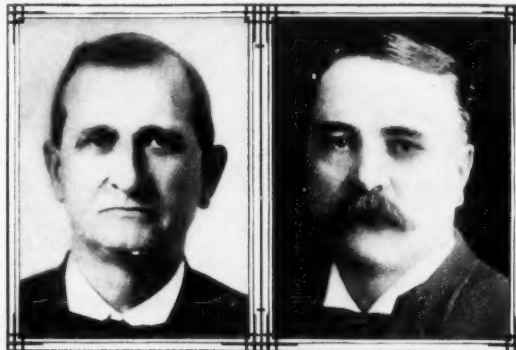
Now, then, to the English civil record:

Cases heard.....	475,000
Cases appealed.....	1,445
Appeals heard.....	867
Reversals and new trials.....	255

As everybody knows, the main reason for the scandalous condition of American courts is the endless appeals, reversals, and new trials. Consider now their glorious record:

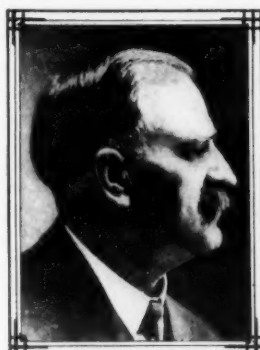
First of all as to the mere number of them. A law journal, the "Docket," made a compilation of the work of the Appellate Courts for 1908. It listed 334 judges of State Supreme Courts alone. This list was incomplete, as it gave, for example, only nine judges for New York, whereas there are twenty-four more justices sitting as an Appellate Court, and the same is true of Illinois and several other States. The actual number is nearer 360.

Now add to this 9 justices of the United States Supreme Court, 29 circuit judges, 92 district judges, 5



Justice James E. Garrigues

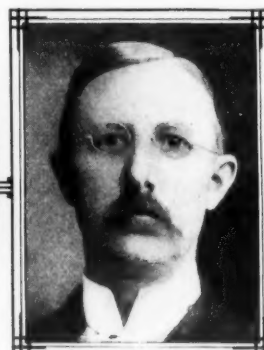
Justice Geo. W. Musser



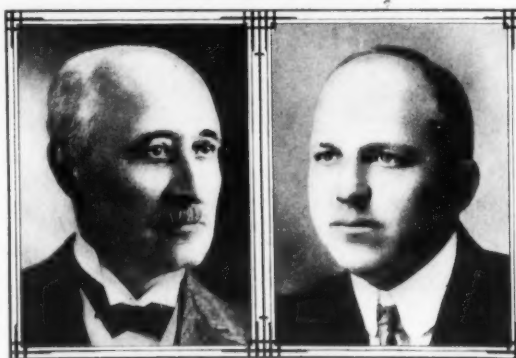
Justice Morton S. Bailey



Chief Justice John Campbell



Justice W. A. Hill



Justice W. H. Gabbert

Justice S. Harrison White

The Supreme Bench of Colorado, which is more than four years behind its docket—a record even for the United States

Commerce Court judges, 5 judges of the Court of Claims, 5 judges of Customs Appeals, and you have a matter of 145 more judges to whom cases may be appealed. It would be an endless task to segregate cases on appeal from those of first instance in the work of these 145 judges, and for the rest there is little need. The State Courts of Appeals did enough!

Dilatory State Supreme Courts

THE compilation of the "Docket" showed that the various State Supreme Courts in 1908 had rendered a total of nearly 17,000 opinions!

To this is to be added the grist of the New York State Appellate Court with about 3,000 more decisions per year, and several other State Appellate Courts, so that, all told, the total for Federal and State courts must be more than twenty-five thousand written opinions per year.

Now consider that in this compilation the Supreme Court of Ohio is credited with only 73 opinions, whereas it actually passed on nearly 300 cases, the balance being decided (to its credit be it said nearly all affirmed without a written opinion).

Think it over, gentle reader, some time when you wish the subject for a real and actual nightmare—nearly 500 judges ruling on nearly 25,000 cases, in a large number of the cases anywhere from a dozen to a hundred special points of law and procedure being raised. Reflect now that these cases are largely decided according to precedent, with little regard to any question of the mere justice or right in the issue involved.

Is it any wonder that with all this welter of technicality, error, reversal, retrial, and reappeal, the Supreme Courts of many of the States should be two, and three, or more, years behind their docket? This is true notably in Missouri, where the Supreme Bench has become simply notorious for the miserable trivialities upon which it will reverse decisions of the lower courts. But at the last count, the worst offender in this regard is the Supreme Bench of Colorado, which is more than four years behind and has been so for some time.

It is perfectly true that the actual work of the courts cannot be measured by the number of decisions they render; nevertheless there is scarcely any other criterion; and it is worthy of note that the average number of decisions in 1908 for each judge of the Colorado Supreme Court was thirty—one decision of every description, trifling or otherwise, for each two weeks of the year. This stood against a corresponding record for each judge of 119 in Mississippi, 150 in Kentucky, 111 in Georgia, 103 in Arkansas, and so on.

Technicality Run Mad

WHY should more than one-third—in some States nearly one-half—of all appeals be successful? A curious light on this problem was thrown by Chief Justice Furman of the Oklahoma Supreme Bench, one of the four or five courts of the country which is making a splendid effort to throw off the shackles of tradition and to do justice without regard to precedent or quibble. Refusing to set aside a verdict, this Chief Justice said:

"It appears to us that this application of the doctrine (of estoppel) is technicality run mad and gone to seed. We decline to be bound by or to follow a line of authorities so repugnant to reason, so demoralizing to respect for the law, and so destructive to justice. The habit of reversing cases upon technicalities is a very convenient one for appellate courts, for by so doing they can escape much hard labor and all responsibility for their decisions, for a violation of some technicality can be found in almost every closely contested case."

The courts of England have long ago set their faces against this scandal, and so now have the courts of Wisconsin, of Kansas, of Montana, and many other progressive States. And the American Bar Association is making a valiant fight for reform with the amendment proposed by President Taft prohibiting a judge from reversing a case unless injustice can clearly be shown. But do you imagine this is with the enthusiastic approval of the main body of the bench and bar? Attend then to what happened this year in the enlightened State of Iowa.

There, before the State Bar Association, Justice H. E. Deemer of the Supreme Bench, a jurist of high standing, several times urged for the Federal Supreme Bench, introduced a resolution urging the adoption of

this amendment by the Legislature, and after a hot fight his proposal was voted down. Shall we fare any better if President Taft's amendment should become law? As Dean Wigmore observed, all the rules in the world will not avail if judges have not the living spirit of justice. The root of the evil lies, I believe, in the fact that not merely the conduct of the law, but the making of the law and the making of judges and the naming of judges is almost exclusively in the hands of men whose chief profit is the defeat of the law.

All our Legislatures, including Congress, are almost invariably made up of a majority of lawyers. It is the lawyers themselves who have made the laws and the courts and the practice of the law as they are, with their utter and shameless prostitution of justice. Why should there be nearly 4,000 judges in the United States with nearly 25,000 opinions in appealed cases per year?

Because, first of all, it means 4,000 fat jobs for lawyers, and, secondly, because it requires these 4,000 judges to hear and to pass on the endless rignmarole of motions, objections, exceptions, writs of error, writs of habeas corpus, appeals, retrials, and reappeals which make up the daily practice of the law and which make the law profitable.

In England—even in England—the cost of the law has become so great that the Government has in contemplation the establishment of petty courts, or rather referees for minor cases, from which lawyers shall be excluded! Characteristically, this has aroused a storm of protest from the "profession," and the proposal denounced as a move for the creation of "little star chambers." To these protests a spokesman for the Government replied:

"No professional (i. e., lawyers') warnings of this kind will check the efforts of the Government and House of Commons to provide cheap and expeditious means of determining small cases. The fact is that the practitioners of the law have made recourse to the ordinary courts of justice too expensive for the ordinary citizen: save in the most stringent necessity, he never thinks, if well advised, of going to law; that luxury is reserved for large capitalists and corporations commanding large sums."

Fancy the reception of such a proposal in the United States! I think the moral is:

Reduce the number of lawyers in Congress and in the Legislatures, and then, and not till then, will there be a real reform of the law in this country.

Bluffing the Lion and the Bear

And What Happened to the American Youth Who Dared to Do It

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.



W. Morgan Shuster

LISTEN to a plain tale of strange doings in Iran. From commencement to conclusion we shall deal with things as they are, substituting the blunt, comprehensible, straight-to-the-point expressions to which our people are—thank God!—still partial, for the unctuous, oily phraseology with which the European diplomats seek to veil the actions of which they have cause to be ashamed. We will find a knot hole in the high board fence which two great foreign ministers, a lean, cold Englishman and a bearded Russian, have erected around the Persian sheepfold, and, peering through it, we shall see for ourselves how brutally and ruthlessly the shearing is being done. After a glance through that knot hole, I fancy that you will feel like hurrying to the nearest telephone and summoning an agent of the S. P. C. H. N., which stands, of course, for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Helpless Nations. Incidentally we shall learn what happened to the candid youth from Washington, D. C., who heard the bleating of the tortured lamb, and, without waiting to ask permission of the shearers, clambered over the fence in his brutal Yankee fashion to save it. Everything considered, I think it is rather an interesting story and well worth fifteen minutes of anybody's time.

Persia is quite a sizable country, being considerably larger than all the States lying east of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers put together, but by far the greater portion of this vast area is absolute desert—arid, sun-baked, and worthless; the population, which is about equal to that of the State of New York, averaging scarcely fifteen fallow and suspicious inhabitants to the square mile. As for the European residents, there are not enough of them, all told, between the Caspian and the Persian Gulf to people one of the downtown office buildings. In mines of iron, salt, coal, lead, and copper Persia is potentially very rich, but in a land whose system of internal communications consists of eight miles of antiquated narrow-gauge railway and less than three hundred miles of abominable carriage roads the mineral wealth does not count for much. Persia's value, in the eyes of the great and greedy powers, does not lie in her lamb-skins, her rugs, or her turquoises, but in the fact that she presents a most tempting surface for the laying of railway ties. In that single fact you have the explanation of the struggle between England and Russia for her possession.

Russia Seeks a Warm Water Harbor

OPEN the atlas to that page containing the map of Middle Asia, and you cannot fail to be struck by the peculiarly important, not to say hazardous, position occupied by Persia. Her great bulk stretches across Asia from the Indian to the Ottoman frontiers, lying squarely athwart Russia's road to the warm waters of the Persian Gulf. Driven back by the armies of the Mikado from a commercial outlet on the Japan Sea, warned off by Turkey and her European sponsors from attempting to reach the Mediterranean through the Dardanelles, her icebound ports on the Baltic useless during a considerable portion of the year, it needs no prophet to see that Russia's commercial salvation depends on her reaching the Indian Ocean, and the markets of the world, through the Persian Gulf. Already the Russian rail heads have been pushed down through the Caucasus to Persia's northern border; Russian railway builders, under the guise of scientific investigators, have run their levels and driven their stakes from those rail heads straight south to the shores of the Gulf, and Russian engineers have even charted the harbor, which will eventually be the terminus of the line. The Russian locomotive is coming down to the Warm Water, and it is not going to stop because the Persian lamb happens to be on the track.

Now if you will glance just once again at the map you will see that the frontiers of British Egypt and British India are separated by scarce 1,500 miles of remarkably level country, Arabian and Persian, and to railway builders 1,500 miles of level country is a bagatelle. No one appreciates better than England that if she is to maintain her present commercial supremacy in India she must have some quicker means of communication than the P. and O. boats, which spend close on three weeks between Southampton and Bombay. England sees Russia steadily pushing her railways down through Turkestan toward India's northern border; she sees Germany working overtime on the so-called Bagdad Railway, which, when completed, will enable German merchants to deliver German merchandise in India more quickly and more cheaply than England can deliver goods by sea; and she knows perfectly well that her Indian subjects are troubled by no feelings of loyalty to the British raj

where their pocketbooks are concerned, and that they don't give a whoop and hurrah whether their cottons and cutlery come from Birmingham or Berlin or Moscow so long as they can get them quickly and cheaply. England's ultimate intention, therefore, is to build her own railway straight across northern Arabia and southern Persia as the biplane flies, thus linking up her Egyptian and Indian railway systems and her African and Asian empires. This route has already been secretly surveyed by British military engineers, who report, I understand, that the country to be traversed is remarkably level, that little grading or masonry will be required, and that water can be had almost anywhere along the line at depths of less than one hundred feet.

The Russian-British Bargain

NOW it is perfectly obvious to anyone that England and Russia cannot both carry out their ambitious schemes, for an English railway from Egypt to India would cut squarely across the line which Russia has surveyed from the Caucasus to the Gulf, and *vice versa*. That this question of whether England or Russia shall have southern Persia will one day have to be decided, and in the not far distant future, too, there is no doubt, but just at present there is such ominous unrest in Europe that both England and Russia are quite content to leave the Persian matter *in statu quo*. In 1907, therefore, Great Britain and Russia agreed between themselves to limit the spheres of their respective interests in Persia to the Persian provinces adjoining the Russian frontier on the one hand and the British frontier on the other, "The two powers," to use the suave official phraseology, "respect the integrity and independence of Persia, but, at the same time, contemplate the possible necessity of financial control in conformity with the principles of the agreement." Translated into plain terms, Russia has coolly appropriated nearly one-half of

they can call their own will be their history, their language, and the clothes on their backs.

In 1905, after centuries of corruption, mismanagement, and disorder which would have made Tammany Hall and the Camorra envious, the overharrassed Persians amazed the world and, incidentally, themselves by summoning up enough courage to demand of the "King of Kings" a parliament and a constitution. Muzafer-ud-Din, who recognized trouble when he saw it coming and was always ready to give it all the road, promptly granted his people's demands, and in October, 1906, himself opened the first Persian Parliament. Three months later, however, that profligate and evil old man, who had bankrupted his country that he might squander the money on French dancing girls, went up to join the Prophet whose shadow on earth he claimed to be. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Mohammed Ali Mirza, a sullen, obstinate, black-browed individual, who pledged himself to adhere to the reforms instituted by his father. Two years later, however, after a long series of bickerings and acrimonious disputes, Ali Mirza, utterly failing to appreciate the power of Persia's newly awakened nationalism, dissolved the Parliament and returned to the good old-fashioned order of things, enforcing his despotic decrees by means of the bastinado, the thumb screws, and his Cossacks, who were not Cossacks at all but Persian soldiers officered by Russians.

The Shah's ill-advised action kindled a revolution which spread over Persia as fire spreads in the dry grass; the nation rose in arms; a Nationalist army fought its way into Teheran, and the Shah saved his head only by taking refuge in the Russian Legation. This was generally interpreted as an act of abdication, and on the same day the National Council met and chose Ali Mirza's son, Ahmed Mirza, a child of thirteen, to succeed his father on the shaky peacock throne.

The finances of the country were, it is needless to say, almost hopelessly snarled and tangled, a state into which they had purposely been permitted to lapse by the protecting powers, who were thoroughly aware that a bankrupt nation is more amenable to threats than a solvent one. But the Persians, catching a glimpse of the snare that had been set for them, applied to the United States, as the most remote, the most disinterested, and the most honest of the great powers, to recommend a man capable of unsnarling their financial tangle and setting the country on its feet again. Now it strikes me that that was rather a fine compliment the Persians paid us, for, instead of applying to any of the European nations, they turned to us in their extremity because they knew that we would play fair.

In response to the request of the Persian Minister at Washington, the Secretary of State sent him a list of five financial experts whom this Government could recommend. The first name on that list was William Morgan Shuster of Washington, D. C., and the letter transmitting it had scarcely been received in Teheran before the cable flashed back a message to Washington offering Mr. Shuster the post of Treasurer-General of Persia, at a salary of \$20,000 a year, a corps of assistants of his own selection, and absolute freedom of action. I rather fancy that Mr. Shuster couldn't get to the telegraph office quick enough.

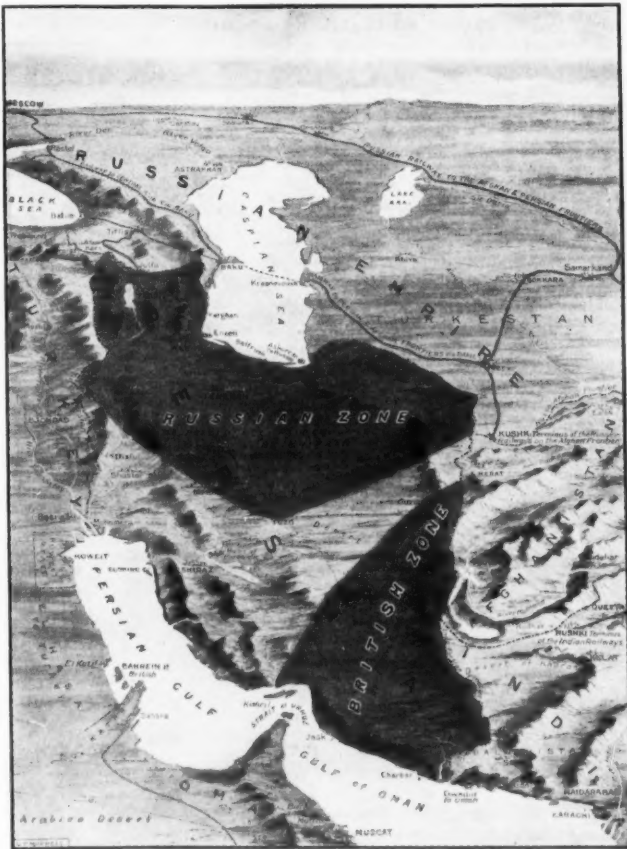
Introducing Mr. Shuster

THERE seems no good reason for Who's-Who-ing Mr. Shuster to any length; suffice it to say that he learned his three R's in the public schools of the nation's capital; he left the high school president of his class, captain of the football team, and colonel of the corps of cadets; at George Washington University he received the gilt-sealed sheepskin of a graduate in law, and a few weeks later he proudly surveyed his name emblazoned in small gilt letters on the lower left-hand corner of a famous law firm's office door.

It was his knowledge of shorthand, rather than of law, however, that first placed young Shuster's name on the nation's pay rolls. The Cuban Peace Commission being in need of a stenographer, he was recommended, and accompanied that body of arbitrators to Havana. But he showed such a level head and such a remarkable ability for disentangling financial snarls that after the commission's labors were over he remained in Cuba as Deputy Collector of Customs. In 1901, when barely twenty-four years of age, he was appointed Collector of Customs at Manila, and so remarkable was the record he made in uprooting official graft and eliminating incompetency that five years later he found himself a member of the Philippine Commission and Secretary of Public Instruction as well.

He remained in the Philippines as headmaster of several million brown, yellow, and tan school children for three years. Then, I fancy, the *Heimlich* attacked him; like Kipling's homesick soldier, he longed for "a cleaner, greener land." Leaving his dusky schoolboys to be brought up in the paths they should go by other masters, he returned to the shadow of the Washington Monument, found an office and a law partner, and again had his name gilded on the door—this time in large letters in the very middle. But the gilt was scarcely dry before he was offered and had accepted the commission to play the part of a modern Moses to the Persians.

It is said that when he took over the affairs of Persia



The Zones of Russian and English Influence

(From the London "Graphic")

This map shows the area involved in the Persian international crisis, of which Mr. Shuster is the personal center

the total area of Persia as her particular "sphere of influence," thus bringing two-thirds of the total population of the country and three-fifths of the revenues virtually under the control of St. Petersburg.

England has been somewhat more modest, for she has taken under her wing only about one-fifth of the country, one-tenth of its revenue, and one-fourteenth of its population, her sphere being limited to the great province of Karman, a territory about the size of California. It will be noticed that that part of the country bordering on the Persian Gulf, and the region, of course, for which both empires are striving, has been considerably left, for the time being, to the Persians, thus forming a buffer between the British and Russian possessions.

With three-fourths of their country already quite openly included in spheres of influence, the Persians do not have to strain their eyes in looking for the day when all that

last June he found banking deficits amounting to \$500,000, and not one *kran* in cash belonging to the Government. Notwithstanding a civil war which cost \$1,500,000 and other diminutions of revenue, he has paid the above-mentioned deficit, has furnished the necessary sinews for running the Government, and has met all foreign obligations, yet there are now in the treasury liquid assets amounting to \$800,000. The taxes of some of the outlying provinces having fallen badly into arrears, he made use of the knowledge gained as colonel of the high-school cadets, organized a force of treasury gendarmerie, and sent them abroad over the country with orders to bring in the taxes or learn the reason why. He didn't confine the operations of his gendarmerie to that central zone which is all of Persia that the protecting powers have left to the Persians either, but actually had the effrontery to send them into the Russian and British spheres of influence, saying that wherever a *kran* of taxes was owing the Government he was going to collect it, whether Russia and England liked it or not. The trouble was that he did his work altogether too well.

His loyal service to Persia would have made her strong. But Russia and England do not want Persia strong, for, as everyone knows, it is easier to steal a puny lamb than a lusty ram with a well-developed set of horns.

All that the protecting powers needed was an excuse to interfere. They didn't have to wait long for the excuse. On Shuster's list of acquaintances was a retired officer of the Indian army named Stokes. Stokes was courageous and honest, and he knew Persia. So what was more natural than that Shuster should put him in command of his newly organized gendarmerie and tell him to go ahead and bring in the taxes? Stokes did. One day last summer the ex-Shah Ali Mirza, secretly urged on by Russia, organized a little filibustering expedition of his own and invaded Persia with the hope of winning back the throne from which he had been ousted, the while Russia looked on approvingly. The Persian Government promptly ordered the confiscation of his property and that of his brother, Prince Shua-es-Sultaneh.

Shuster communicated this order to Stokes and told

him to execute it. When Stokes and his troopers reached Prince Shua's palace, he found that the Russian Consul-General had already taken possession of the property so as to protect the Russian banks to which the Prince was heavily indebted. The result was a struggle between Shuster's gendarmes and the Czar's Cossacks, in which the Cossacks came off second best. That was all the excuse that Russia needed. The Foreign Minister in St. Petersburg promptly flashed a message to the Russian

Shuster, seeing that he would have to get busy if the Persians were to keep their country and he was to keep his job, began to write letters. He wrote to American, English, French, and German papers; he sent letters to every person of influence in Persia and out of it; every morning he held regular levees of foreign correspondents at the palace the Government had given him, and to them all he gave, in plain, blunt, straight-from-the-shoulder Anglo-Saxon, the real reasons why Russia had demanded his dismissal and why England was backing her up. The statesmen and the diplomatists threw up their hands in horror at this unprecedented and undiplomatic procedure.

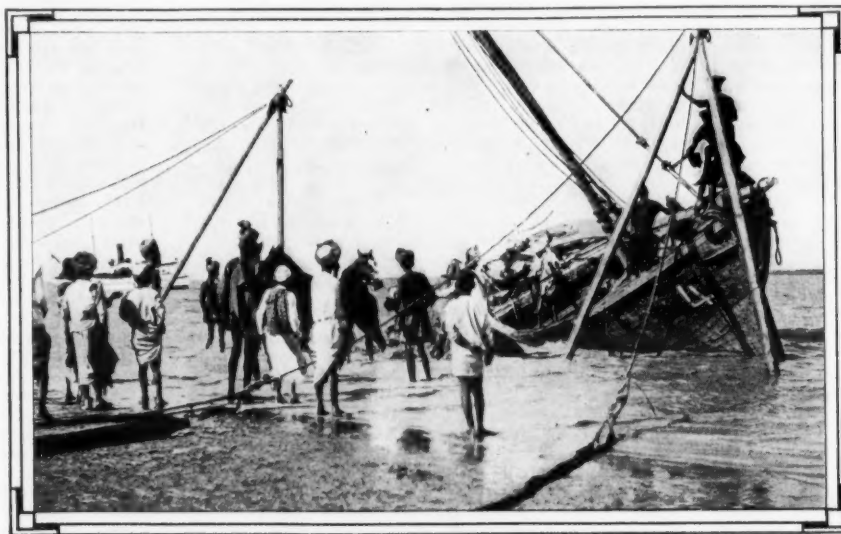
Shuster was not playing the game according to the rules. Who ever heard of a government official, particularly a Persian official, speaking right out in meeting and calling a spade a spade? It was undignified and in bad taste, and, incidentally, it was raising the very devil with their plans for the unostentatious absorption of Persia. Powerful newspapers all over the civilized world were beginning to ask editorially why a man should be dismissed because he was honest; Members of the House of Commons asked uncomfortable questions of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Sir Edward Grey and Monsieur Sazonoff began to make explanations and apologies and excuses. But, my Persian friends, England's protestations to the contrary, you need expect no aid from that quarter.

That Shuster's retention and Persia's independence are already lost causes, no one who is familiar with British greed and Russian ambitions will deny. He has performed one

great service, however: he has torn away the masks which concealed from the world the evil designs of the protecting powers. Sooner or later, of course, Shuster will have to go. The steam roller of international politics is not going to be halted by one man. Whether he is removed by the bullet of a hired assassin—which is not at all an unlikely contingency—or whether he dies comfortably in his bed at a ripe old age, they had better carve this epitaph on his tombstone:

HERE LIES A MAN WHO WAS TOO HONEST TO LIVE
IN THE EAST



England Landing Troops at Bushire

For the purpose of "keeping order" in its sphere of Persian influence, the English Government dispatched the Thirty-ninth Central India Horse to Bushire, a port on the Persian Gulf

Minister in Teheran instructing him to demand the instant surrender of Prince Shua's property and the immediate dismissal of Treasurer-General Shuster. The Persian Government refused to do either. Russia responded by moving a military expedition across the Persian frontier. Then she added to her previous ultimatum a demand for an indemnity of \$1,500,000, with the threat that her troops would move on Teheran if her demands were not complied with in eight days. The Persian Government, though shaking in its slippers, informed Russia that if she wanted a fight she could have it.

The Indiscretion of Sergeant McCarty

It Was the Most Serious in His Career on the Force; But He Is a Lucky Man

By PETER C. MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD V. BROWN

THE sergeant was standing at the corner with his eyes cocked shrewdly up into vacancy and his ear bent to catch the sounds of rioting from the car barn, something less than two blocks distant in a diagonal direction. He, doughtiest manhandler that ever answered to a riot-call, heard it all and did not budge an inch; yet was reading the meaning of the sounds as some men read the newspaper headlines, and knew when the car was trundled back into the barn in token of defeat. Then came lesser murmurings and the mouthings of the aftermath. Men, hatless or with torn garments and bloody faces or halting steps, sifted out of the mob and drifted away into surrounding streets. Some of them passed close to Sergeant McCarty. A few looked at him curiously, or maybe tossed a nod or a wink as he strolled up and down. He appeared to be idling, but instead was observing carefully a man in a motor car across the street. The man was Buck Williams, Chairman of the Strike Committee, a short-necked, heavy-jawed fellow, with capacity for leadership when things were turbulent. A stubby cigar burned in the lower corner of his dark, unshaven face. A picket leaned over the side and told him the story of the battle, and he listened phlegmatically.

Patrolman Dugan, in plain clothes and off duty, sauntered up.

"Would I break myself now if I broke this strike, I dunno," murmured Sergeant McCarty, meditatively in Dugan's ear.

"What have ye in yer mind?" queried Dugan, suspiciously, marking the look of piggish cunning in the small blue eyes of the sergeant, and knowing by long experience that his casual remarks were apt to be pregnant.

"What do ye think of Buck?" quizzed Dugan, cannily, by way of casting a new fly upon the placid surface of the McCarty mind. The sergeant's opinion, like a deep-lying trout, broke the water hungrily, with a sudden swirl.

"I think he's the fir-r-r-st cousin to Judas Iscariot," he gulped fiercely, and then was still again.

"'Twould be as much as a man's life was worth to say it," observed Dugan.

"It would that," affirmed McCarty, heartily, "and I'll not say it, but begorra, I have a mind to: I'm that tired of seein' men beat up."

DUGAN nodded sympathetically, expecting that McCarty would now say himself out. Instead he closed up like a safe with a time lock. For, in truth, sergeants must be cautious. There was in these strikers now a lion spirit, whelped in injustice and suckled in hardship. They believed in the honor of Buck Williams as McCarty believed in his treachery. They would tear to shreds the flesh and lick the bones of any who dared assail the character of their idol. Hence what suspicions of this crowned hero of the savage mob Sergeant McCarty

might entertain, paid their highest tribute to discretion when they crouched lowest in his politely mind.

Unpuzzled by McCarty's sudden taciturnity, since it might be but wisdom, Dugan drifted on down the street with the mental resolution to return in an hour and bail out McCarty's mind to the bottom.

As for Sergeant McCarty he merely thought to have his feelings out with growling, and might have done so but that those little gods whose special business it is to get well-meaning policemen into trouble were giving particular attention to him this afternoon, and one of them sent John Turney limping up the street. Turney was a member of the Strike Committee and a hot heart by nature. Just now his hat was slashed from brim to crown.

"You look tired," said the sergeant.

AN EXPRESSION of pain crossed the man's face as he coughed slightly, yet painfully, and spat upon the curb.

"I am tired, McCarty," he gasped, hoarsely. "How long's this goin' to last, I want to know? I got jammed with a crowbar a minute ago, and it set that sore spot in my lung to bleedin', but I don't mind the fightin'. God, I'd die in a minute, if I'd help my own cause an' the boys along any. But, say McCarty, I got a baby up to my place, and four others under ten years, and a wife that ain't well. The baby's eat this cheap milk and not enough of that till I swear he's poisoned, and pale—he's so pale he ain't white any more, kind of a sick yellow, like a dead dago, you know. An' when I left the house to-day he tried to laugh and crow like he used to, and wave by-by to me. S'help me God, McCarty, you could see through that little hand when he lifted it, and he couldn't even smile. Pretty tough when a baby can't smile! And I went out to fight for him to-day. When the row began—and I started it; heaved the first brick myself—I could kind of see that baby's hand a wavin', all thin and waxy—"

Sergeant McCarty looked at him in mingled sympathy and disgust.

"The company's wantin' conductors," he said, "why don't you go to work?"

"Go to work!" the man gasped, a look of horror and growing rage upon his face. "Go to work! And take the bread out of my brothers' mouths?"

"You're takin' it out of your baby's mouth now," replied McCarty, sharply.

"But that's for a cause. 'T'd starve 'em all, myself included, before I'd betray comrades in this struggle for right."

The thought of women and babies starving to give a trusted leader an opportunity to sell out a sacred

cause for money had already outraged the feelings of Sergeant McCarty.

"Buck's betrayin' 'em," he said, in a low voice.

"Betrayin' 'em? You blue-coated traitor!" yelled Turney, half insane with fury at the suggestion. "Betrayin' 'em! If it wasn't for Buck I'd like to know where this strike would be now?"

"It would be nowhere," the sergeant snapped back. "Buck stirred up this strike and fought it so he could sell out at the right time and make a pile. I'll bet you he's dickerin' with Donnelly of the Traction Company right now."

These were wild words. They inflamed Turney. Infuriated, he leaped upon the sergeant, shrieking:

"You lie, you dirty cur!"

Quick and guarded as McCarty was, Turney's blow caught him squarely on his full Irish mouth and a spurt of crimson leaped from beneath the knuckles of the striker. Like a flash McCarty slapped the man with the open palm of his heavy hand so hard as to stretch him senseless in the street. That was enough.

"He hit Turney!" "He clubbed Turney!" "He's killed him!" were separate, hysterical cries that rose on the air in a minute. There was the ominous rush and tread of many hurrying feet, as the crowd, composed of strikers and strike sympathizers, closed in with a sullen roar that was more awful than any sound McCarty had ever heard before. He looked over the sea of faces. They were not human, but white and drawn and beast-like. Some primeval blood lust had in a moment changed them. It was not a crowd. It was a pack—and gnashed at McCarty over the body of the fallen man.

McCARTY'S revolver was out. His steel eye swept the circle nearest him. He waved his weapon before them.

"I'll shoot the first man that puts a foot on the curb," he said, and for a moment they were halted. McCarty backed from the curb, aiming for the door of the brick warehouse, some fifty feet to the right. If he could make this door he could hold the crowd at bay till relief or sober senses came, but in an instant of time the swirl of the crowd swung around and cut him off by fully a dozen yards. He was all alone, with bare brick walls behind and in front half a thousand howling, raging, snapping, gnashing brutes that once were men and would be again when they had satisfied their irrational lust for blood. McCarty could hold off the circle nearest him, the group whose eyes looked into the open barrel of his revolver, which swept from point to point of the unyielding circle, but the crowd behind began to throw things. A brick hurtled through the air. McCarty dodged it and heard the wail of anguish as it landed on a head in the crowd on the right. A sash weight lumbered heavily over the heads of the crowd and struck him on the shoulder, a staggering blow. With a savage yell he threatened to

shoot. And yet he could not afford to fire into the crowd. He must keep them at bay till help arrived or a means of escape appeared.

Suddenly from under his feet the sidewalk rose up—with a groaning squeak of machinery underneath. It was one of those basement elevator contrivances where a platform rises, pushing the trapdoors in the sidewalk upward. Cerebration was proceeding rapidly in the McCarty brain. He stepped off the rising doors quickly as they opened upward. By a sidewise glance he caught a glimpse of an overalled porter coming up on the elevator platform. The sergeant saw the ludicrous expression of fear on his face as he observed what was happening over his head, and after a wondering gaze instantly halted the machinery and started to descend. But the doors gaped wide enough to admit the stout body of McCarty. He leaped back to the descending platform and crouched with a sigh of relief as the heavy shutters banged down over him and shut out the mob that was hungering for blood.

A frightful clamor broke out above. Someone was assaulting the doors with the sash weight.

McCarty looked up in the half darkness and watched the iron-hinged doors spring and bend.

"They's a way out by the back," said the porter in a frightened voice. "Me for that."

The sergeant, with a gasp of relief, arose and made off in the gloom after the shuffling, terrified footsteps. "Better lay low till black dark," said the man. "The streets around here is all full of them hyenas."

"Do ye know Officer Dugan?" questioned McCarty.

"I do," said the man.

"Will ye find him and tell him to meet me here when it's safe to come?"

THE man nodded and shuffled down the alley. With the sounds of the human, howling pack slowly dying in the distance, Sergeant McCarty had ample time to reflect upon the position in which he now stood.

"I got to get Buck Williams or I'm done for," he said to himself as he climbed up the steep steps to the little door that the porter had pointed out; "and I got to get him to-night or I won't get him at all."

The cool air of the alley freshened him wonderfully, and when Dugan tiptoed out of the darkness, accompanied by Patrolman Meyer, also off duty, and both sympathetically eager, the sergeant began the planning of his campaign with Napoleonic ardor.

"There's a meeting of the Car Men's Union called for one o'clock to-night," reported Dugan.

"Do ye say so?" exclaimed McCarty, excited. "Do ye say so? And for no other reason but that Buck has sold 'em out and is goin' to begin to throw the strike to-night?" He slapped his leg confidently. "I knew it, me boys," he whispered, chuckling under his breath in his eagerness. "I knew it! I saw it in Buck's face after the riot. He was readin' the crowd. He saw the people was tired. The deal's on now. Some time between when we saw him settin' in the machine and to-night when the union meets, Buck will get his price. Meyer, you locate Donnelly of the Traction Company. Paste your eye on him. Never let go till the meetin' time. If money's paid, he'll pay it. Dugan, you spot Buck and keep him shadowed till he comes to the meetin'. Let me know every breath he draws. The two of ye meet me at one o'clock in the area back of Hogan's saloon in the alley, two doors down where the stairs comes down from the stage entrance of the Armory Hall, where the union meets. I have a solitaire game of my own to play."

WITHOUT other communication than a swift pressure of the hand on the shoulder of the men he relied upon to help him, he strode swiftly out of the alley, leaving the two to go each his separate way as directly as possible.

It was nearly an hour past midnight when Sergeant McCarty drifted down a side street to the trysting place. There was not a policeman in sight save himself. The street car union furnished its own surveillance. The pickets policed the crowd, and the Strike Committee policed the pickets, and Buck Williams policed the Strike Committee. Sergeant McCarty had been intending presently to police Buck Williams, but very dejectedly stepped down into the little area off the alley at the back of Hogan's place. His night's quest had yielded him nothing—not a clue—not a shred of one.

Presently Dugan came. He, too, was cast down. "Lost Buck," he confessed, "at the Hotel George at ten o'clock. He went in and he never came out. But he's here now. A picket in front told me that he had gone up."

Sergeant McCarty's comment was a disconsolate growl. He offered the back of his shoulder to Dugan and stared away into the darkness, tugging at the hairs upon his lip.

"Tis one o'clock," he observed presently, "and Meyer not come."

The sergeant waited ten minutes, and then five more, the last very impatiently.

"I'm goin' up," he said abruptly.

"They'll murder ye!" breathed Dugan, aghast.

"Dugan," declared McCarty with sudden solemnity,

"I'm goin' to the meetin' and choke it out av him there."

Dugan could think of no argument against madness, but as the sergeant moved to the foot of the stair, laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"I'll go with you," he said.

"Ye will not!" blurted McCarty stoutly, but not unappreciatively. "If Meyer comes with anything that'll help, send him up. If not, keep him down. 'Tis my own funeral I'm arranging."

Leaving Dugan hesitating reluctantly, a few cautious steps brought the sergeant to the stairs, at the upper end of which he expected to find a picket.

To his surprise, there was none. Without being observed he gained the stage itself, which was set for a wood scene, tiptoed his way back through the wings, and ensconced himself behind the back drop, where his pocketknife soon made a convenient peephole.

WELL down in front were a dozen or fifteen persons grouped about a table. This was the Executive Committee in session on the stage, while the union assembled on the floor and waited with impatience for the general meeting to be called to order. Ed Germain, the president of the union, was acting as chairman of the committee. Buck Williams, chairman of the Strike Committee, was standing and rendering some kind of report. As he stood, his hands caressed a new leather satchel that was on the table in front of him.

The upper stage, which was large, was entirely deserted. Wishing to hear better and to be in easier striking distance, Sergeant McCarty abandoned his position behind the drop and worked forward, past a cut drop and around a clump of trees, barking his shins well on a stage brace. He was aiming for a place of real vantage behind a painted rock when he stumbled over a crouching figure. It was John Turney.

"Great God, McCarty!" he gasped, recognizing him. "Do you want to make murderers of us all by comin' here like this?"

"No," said McCarty, shortly, "I come to make fools of ye."

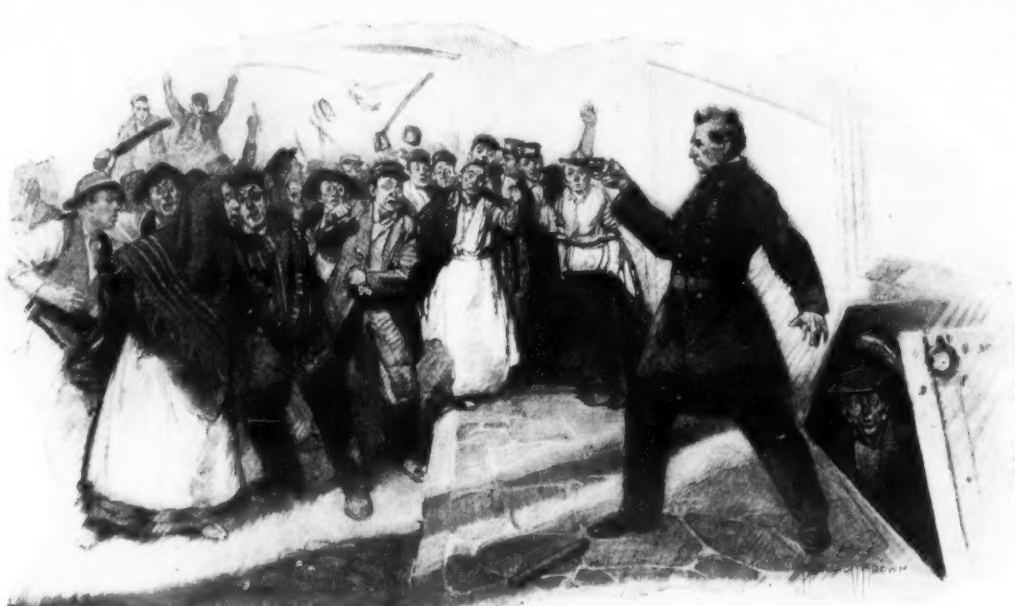
"Are you sure you're right about Buck?" Turney asked, hoarsely.

"Yes—why?" queried McCarty, shooting a hard glance into his pale, excited face.

"Nothin'," he answered, ashamed with the memory that he had called down the mob upon this man for expressing the same doubt a little more strongly. "Nothin', only I don't like what he's reportin' to the committee. It sounds like you might be right."

SERGEANT McCARTY thrilled to the finger tips. He was right. He knew he was right, and here was one who, knowing what McCarty did not know, viewing the man from an entirely different angle, had begun to see in his actions what the police sergeant's shrewd eye had seen in his soul.

The chairman pounded heavily with his gavel.



Suddenly from under his feet the sidewalk rose up—with a groaning squeak of machinery underneath

"The union will be in order! The union will be in order!" he was saying. And then: "The chairman of the Strike Committee has a recommendation to make."

No intimation of the nature of this recommendation had come to the crowd waiting impatiently in front.

Buck Williams stood with the long table between him and the front of the stage, and with his broad, stooping shoulders, his heavy-featured countenance, all pugnacity, and his ugly, darting eyes blazing defiantly, he was not especially agreeable to look upon.

"You got to cut out the rough work," he ordered. "Cut it out! The people's sore, the Mayor's sore, and the Governor. They're afraid the President'll bring the soldiers in, and that's the end of us if they do. Cut it out for a week."

HE SNAPPED out his words spitefully, with an ominous shake of his great, bullish head, and sat down. A roar of disapproval went up from the floor.

"And what'll we do for another week?" screamed a frantic man away back by the door.

"Same's you been doin'," shouted Buck, scornfully.

"Stand around and yawp at me. If you had any sand at all you'd a-cleaned up them fellers to the last man, but you ain't. You throw a brick or two, scare an old maid

school-teacher half to death and come around to know if we ain't won the strike."

Buck had arisen again and was walking around the end of the table to face the crowd, carrying the leather grip in his hand. His hand was thrust out as he faced his scoffers, peering about and trying with his bitter black eyes to see their faces through clouds of tobacco smoke. Buck lacked nothing whatever in courage, but as he stood there with the satchel in his hand they began to taunt him.

"Goin' to travel, are ye?" yelled somebody.

"Ain't goin' to run away, are ye, Buck?" sneered another.

Williams lifted the bag, seemed to realize suddenly that he held it, and the significance of the insult that had just been flung at him. With something like a blush he stepped back, placed it on the table behind him, and backed against the table, his hand carefully holding the grip, but his face turned to the front.

"No!" he yelled, hoarsely, "I ain't goin' to run away. I'll stay here till the fight's won and the last one of you cowards and quitters has got the better money you don't deserve."

A half sneer framed itself on Buck's face. He glanced around him at the Executive Committee as if to assure himself of its loyalty. He looked over the throng and searched among it for his sublieutenants, the men who would silence his objectors on the floor and win the battle for him down there, as they had done a score of times. But they seemed less active, or less able, to-night. The cries of protest and ribaldry continued.

BUCK was losing his crowd.

It was McCarty's opportunity, the best he would ever have. Nobody saw him come. Suddenly he was there in the midst of them, standing between the chairman of the meeting and Buck Williams.

His appearance was cataclysmic.

"It's McCarty!" yelled some one.

The meeting had been in an uproar before. Now it became a vast human Pelée. Eruption succeeded eruption. A great wave of heads and shoulders seemed to rise up and roll toward the platform.

The sergeant's revolver flashed in his hand.

"I'll shoot the first man that lays a hand on the platform," he said, and stood calmly waiting. He did not speak very loud, but his manner and meaning were plain enough. The human breaker stopped, wavered, and receded somewhat. So far, McCarty had conquered. He had stopped that mad onrush. It gave him control of the meeting. Quick as a flash he made the next move.

"I told you Buck was betrayin' you and I come to prove it," he said, in that cold, penetrating voice of his that rang out into every part of the vast auditorium. At the same instant he turned his revolver till it covered Williams. This surprised individual, who, with the others on the platform, was recovering from the panic of fear in which they had been thrown, had been glad enough to welcome diversion of any sort, even though it came in the form of McCarty, of whose charges he had been made speedily aware, but now bitter hatred shone in his eyes as he stood helplessly in range of the McCarty revolver.

McCARTY'S steely blue eyes seemed to see everything. He had backed up stage a trifle till everyone was in front of him, including the Executive Committee, with Williams, cowering, his eyes gleaming balefully. The silence was intense. The sergeant was weighing his words. When he spoke it was in short, bulletlike sentences, and after each sentence he studied the face before him, the face of Buck Williams, and tried to unfold the thoughts in the very soul of him.

"Buck Williams sold you out," he began. A pallor came and went on the face of the strike leader. McCarty saw it and added: "To-night." Something within McCarty declared: "So far so good. You're on the right trail. Go on." So he repeated his charge. "Buck sold you out to-night to Jim Donnelly of the Traction Company." A keener flash of raging anger showed in the eyes of the man. Again McCarty had touched center and he went on more confidently: "He agreed to quit."

"You lie!" hissed the man through clenched teeth, but there was a something in the face of him that made McCarty sure that he had guessed right again, and he went on talking to the crowd over Williams's head, but all the time looking straight into the face of Buck and feeling out his words as they fell. He continued: "He's goin' to do it gradual. You got the first dose to-night."

A murmur went up from the face of the meeting.

"He sold you out like cattle, your wives and your babies," went on McCarty.

"Prove it! Prove it!" clamored voices from the floor.

It seemed to McCarty a hundred index fingers were scurrying through the back part of his brain looking for the peg on which to hang his proof, and while in his mind he scrambled desperately, he gained time by repeating and elaborating his charges.

"Buck's goin' to quit!" he shouted. "Some morning he won't be here. He'll be somewhere else. Donnelly could afford to pay him big."

"Prove it! Prove it!" men shrieked frantically from the floor.

McCarty and Dugan and Meyer had searched through the night in vain. He had no proof. His mind was now clutching at straws. Men were getting up and pressing toward the platform. Seconds were passing ominously.

"The proof, you traitor; the proof!" shouted the crowd.

McCarty, in sheer desperation, hoping no more than to gain time, banded back:

"The proof is it ye want? The proof? Begorra, if it's the proof you're wantin', ye might look in that black bag there that Buck's been holdin' on to so tight. Ye might find the proof in that."

It was a random shot. The crowd jeered angrily, but McCarty saw a look of awful, sickening fear dart like a cloud across the face of Buck while his hand tightened guiltily on the bag for a moment. But instantly he recovered himself and leaped into the center of the stage, leaving the bag on the table.

"You lie, you blue-coated traitor!" he shrieked, raising his hand as if to strike.

BUT McCarty had his cue now.

"It's in the bag! Look in the bag!" he shouted hoarsely, pointing to it.

Williams, with a swift glance at the bag, to see it was unmolested, lunged at McCarty. The sergeant still held the drawn revolver, but Williams, like a madman, leaped upon his Nemesis. McCarty stepped swiftly to one side, kicked Buck's rushing feet from under him, and as he went crashing to the floor leaped over him to the table, where he stood clutching the bag in his left hand while with the revolver in his right he menaced Williams as he struggled to rise from the floor.

"Stay where ye are!" he shouted, at the same time holding up the bag significantly for all to view.

"What's in the bag?" called some one. "What's in it, Buck?"

"There's papers in it!" roared Buck angrily, like a beast at bay.

At this moment Officer Meyer, appearing from the wings, rushed up to McCarty's side. An angel from heaven would not have been more welcome to McCarty.



At the same instant he turned his revolver until it covered Williams

He held a hand but did not know how to play it. Meyer, in a few whispered words, gave him his cue. The sergeant shouted it to the ears of everyone in the hall. Holding up the bag, he cried: "Jim Donnelly of the Traction Company brought a bag like this from the Main Street Bank to his rooms at the Hotel George two hours ago."

"It's a lie!" shrieked Buck again.

"What's a lie?" asked McCarty significantly. Buck dropped his eyes. He had overplayed. "I mean there's papers in the bag and nothing else!" he raged a moment later; "and it's nobody's business what's in it anyway."

Turney, pale and haggard of face, staggered forward, one hand gripping his side, the other waving for silence. A lull came into the midst of the storm.

"Boys," he gasped, "I saw Buck myself tonight a block from the Hotel George carrying that same grip. He tried to shake me; said he had to go to his room first and leave his grip; but I showed him it was too late to go before the meeting. Germain came up and he had to come along with us. He's never let that bag out of his hand till just now. It don't look right. What's in it? I say. What's in it?"

WEAKENED by his laboriously uttered words, Turney sank back against the table. The lull in the storm had become an awe-stricken quiet. There had been, as Turney began to speak, the restless movement of chairs, the hot, panting breath of eager, excited men, and now for a moment there was silence, tense and nerve-bursting.

Sergeant McCarty, careful to maintain his mastery of the situation, moved first as usual. He nodded to Germain, a patient, plodding, unswerving man, with shoulders on him like Atlas.

"Take the bag," McCarty said, "and look in it."

There was a breathless minute or two, then a desperate struggle while two men under Germain's direction searched Buck's pockets for the key.

If McCarty was nervous he dared not confess it, even to himself. His revolver was lowered to his side. He would have no further use for it. In a moment that bag would be opened. If it contained what he supposed he would be a hero. If it did not, a gatling gun would be insufficient to protect him.

Germain's movements were provokingly slow. Not a man in the audience but was standing. They had pressed forward insensibly until they jammed the front of the hall full and the first line breasted the platform, which McCarty before had forbidden them to touch.

(Continued on page 25)

My Adventures as a Motion-Picture Heroine

Being the Account of Real Experiences in Unreal Life as Related

IT HAS occurred to me that the story of my own adventures before the camera might interest the public. My introduction to the motion-picture business was accidental. My father died when I was seventeen years old and, somewhat against my mother's wishes, I turned to the stage as a means of livelihood. Three years' experience as an actress in leading parts left me unsatisfied both with my work and my salary. There were idle seasons when my means ran low. During such a time a friend of mine called my attention to the motion-picture business.

"A lot of good actresses are going into it," he said, "and they are getting fine salaries, some as high as two hundred dollars a week. You have the face, form, and spirit for that sort of work. Why don't you try it?"

I tried it. My first engagement was with a company having a big studio down on Long Island. I was paid well for a beginner and my salary was raised from time to time. Being a good rider, I was chosen for cowboy acts in which I was chased by Indians, Mexicans, stage-coach robbers, and other villainous men in scenes that were wonderfully realistic and at times terror-inspiring. We had real cowboys from a Wild West show, who rode in a dare-devil way on some of the wickedest horses I have ever seen. Sometimes their riders were thrown flat in the dust and occasionally a leg or an arm would be broken.

Thrown by a Broncho

WHEN they told me I would have to ride one of those wild horses—a bucking mustang whose forefeet were pawing the air half the time—I must confess that I felt a bit dubious. But I nerved myself for the act. The beast behaved fairly well during the rehearsals, but when the camera was set up and all our people were shouting and working themselves up to the highest pitch in order to throw in as much realism as possible, that broncho began to act up most dreadfully. Though I kept a steady rein upon it, it plunged and reared and side-stepped over the field in a way that brought my heart into my mouth. It was new to the camera and didn't seem to like it. When the villainous Mexicans rode down upon me full tilt, the maddened beast under me began to buck. Three times it humped itself so suddenly as nearly to tumble me from its back. At the fourth upheaval I felt the saddle slip, as the girl had been loosened, the broncho gave a wild leap, and while going at a savage gallop it bucked again and I was thrown about twenty feet. When I struck the hard ground I didn't know anything for a minute or two, but soon recovered, mounted again, went through my performance and they got a fine film out of

By MARY FULLER to BAILEY MILLARD

it. That night came the reaction. I suffered considerable pain and was completely wilted by the shock and the resulting nausea.

That was a tough experience, but I was more mortified by being thrown than terrified by the accident, and kept on riding that ferocious fellow just the same.

Since then I have done the heroine in many cowboy scenes. I like them. But it is terribly hard work for a young woman, and very trying to the nerves. It would not be quite so bad if there were only one or two

in the morning working under the big arc lamps. It makes me pretty well frazzled next day, let me tell you. In summer the strong lights make the heat of the studios intolerable.

While it is true that we don't have to commit our lines to memory, our lips must move and the words must be appropriate, so that the mouth-reading will complement and illustrate the action. This requires peculiar adaptability—adaptability of the strictest sort—and as the scenes are often of a tragic nature, the demand upon the emotions is tremendous. In my own case, being very sensitive and impressionable, and fully alive to every scene I help to enact as a leading character, the strain is at times absolutely overpowering. I am carried away by the emotions I picture. They are as real and as harrowing to me as they would be in actual life. Often I have left my dressing room at night in a state bordering on collapse. Such light-comedy films as "The Silent Tongue," "Madeleine's Rebellion," and "The International Heartbreaker," in which I have appeared, are a great relief after the tragedies. But such an act as that in "The Love of Chrysanthemum," fashioned by myself after "Madame Butterfly," in which, after a most emotional scene with my lover, who finally deserts me, I slay myself with a knife, is hard upon me. In that scene I suffer the death agonies in almost as great a degree as if the weapon really had pierced my heart.

Down Sixty Feet at a Rope's End

AS FOR actual physical danger and risk of life, I have experienced that, too, particularly at the end of the series of pictures in which my jealous Italian husband, who has pursued me to America, seizes me before the camera and chokes me to death. Once a big Italian so overdid this choking business that I lay in a faint upon the bed in the death scene. They all said the film was a wonderfully natural one. No wonder. In "The Sepoy's Wife," a thriller of the most thrilling order, they proposed to let me down on a rope a distance of sixty feet from the window of a four-story building that rose above a high embankment. The rope had a loop end into which I was to stick my foot and dangle over the landscape.

"Of course you don't have to do it," said the manager, very considerately, "but it would make a splendid film." I looked up at that window from the bottom of the embankment. It seemed a thousand feet high. Then I went up the stairs and looked down. They had arranged everything for the set-up. I hated to disappoint them. So I shut my teeth very tight and said I would do it. It was the first time I had ever been suspended in mid-air, and when I put my foot in that little loop and felt



A Motion-Picture Performance of "Aida"

The actress who visualizes her lines instead of speaking them may be called upon to portray the heroine of grand opera as well as that of humble melodrama

scenes to do in a day, but there are many and the hours are long—much longer than on the stage, where a leading part does not require more than two hours' actual work in a play that is performed over and over again, sometimes for years. In the motion-picture business our hours are from nine in the morning to five in the afternoon, and there are new scenes to rehearse and act all the while. Night after night, after performing all day, I have been up until nearly one o'clock

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myself being lowered from the window, far above the gaping throng of outsiders at the foot of the embankment, I wanted to yell out for them to haul me up. But I gritted my teeth again and clung to the rope. Down, down I went at what seemed a terrible speed, the camera reeling off the film and the crowd cheering like mad. It was an awful moment for me, but I got to the ground at last, and it did make a splendid film—a wonderful effect indeed—for which I am sure I was thankful, for if it had been spoiled I wouldn't have done it over again for the world.

An Eliza Flying Across Real Ice Floes

PERHAPS my most exciting adventure, and certainly the one in which I felt the greatest nerve strain, was in my appearance in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a photograph play in which I took the part of Eliza. When it came to the river-crossing scene, the set-up, which was made in February, was on the banks of a real river upon which floated real cakes of ice, and across this river I had to fly, with a real child in my arms, pursued by real bloodhounds. The only fake about it all was the falling snow,

Southwestern plays. In "The Girl and the Motor Boat," where I win an exciting race in a forty horsepower speed launch, one might think that the Hudson River would do as well as the St. Lawrence, but it wouldn't. So to the St. Lawrence we had to go, as the scenario called for the Thousand Islands, and they couldn't be faked. I liked that motor-boat race. The feel of forty horsepower under my hand, the splendid leaps and throbs of the boat, and the lifelike race over the swiftly running river were gloriously exciting, though here again the high tension told upon my nerves. You see it's not only the thrill of the act itself, but the fact that you have to remember the limitations of the camera and all the minute stage directions that wears upon you. Everything must be done within a narrow field, much narrower, indeed, than the spectator who sits before the screen and sees the picture play even dreams. One great drawback is that there can be no such thing as

the rustic population gazing at me wild-eyed and open-mouthed? About the same as I do on Broadway, when, dressed as an Italian emigrant girl or a fine lady, I am running about before the camera or embracing my sweetheart to the amusement of the oceans of people who crowd around and stare and make audible comments—that is to say, I feel perfectly ridiculous.

Some Pleasant Features

THERE are pleasant as well as unpleasant features of this motion-picture game. My wardrobe is large and of the best, for to dress oneself in cheap or old costumes will not result in effective pictures. You can't fool the camera by wearing cheesecloth instead of satin, and cotton fringes won't answer instead of silk. Where a new silk or satin costume would be worn by a stage actress I must wear one, too. Make-up is just as carefully put on as for the stage.

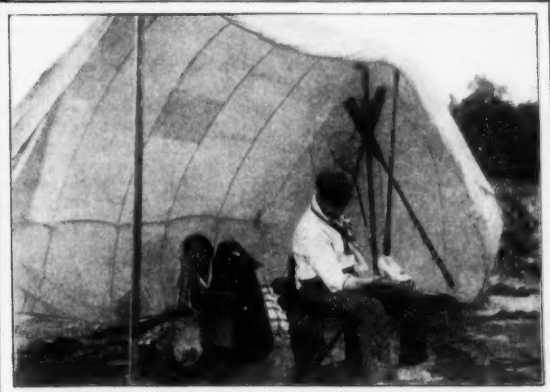
As for social life, I have absolutely none. When I am not rehearsing or acting before the camera I must be perfecting my art by the close study of the best plays that are going, and so it is all shop, shop, shop. No re-



Riding a broncho in a cowboy play



Speeding in a power boat on the St. Lawrence River



A Cinderella of the tepees

which was merely stage snow, sifted down in front of the camera, a little of it going a long way, but giving a wonderful general effect. With my child I knelt amid the falling snow at the water's brim and prayed for a way out of my terrible situation. Then I heard the baying of the bloodhounds, and in real terror—for I was desperately afraid of those big, savage-looking dogs—I sprang upon the nearest cake of ice. My foot slipped and I nearly fell, but I think that my genuine fear of those dogs kept me up, for I fought for my balance, gained it at the very edge of the ice cake and sprang over to the next one. This was a smaller piece, not big enough to float me, and it sank beneath my feet, but I leaped upon a larger and safer one and so on across that awful river to solid land. At the end of that scene I was shivering from head to foot, though not from cold. That was the day I earned my salary, if I ever did.

For a girl of my years and my impressionable nature some of the mix-ups that I get into in this business are about as harrowing as anything. I mean the mobs of battling people in war scenes and street fights. I was the factory owner's daughter in a terrible fight between strikers and strike breakers in which I played an important part as mediator. For his mob the manager had gotten together about as ugly a lot of street toughs as I ever saw, and my duty was to rush in among them and be rescued by the hero. They were whirling their clubs, throwing stones, and knocking each other down in a realistic manner, and when I felt the surging mass about me I was badly scared. Considering the character of this particular crowd and its erratic demonstrations, I felt I was lucky to be able to get out alive.

Chased by Mexican Peons

I HAD a similarly harrowing experience in "Five Seconds from Death," in which I was chased by striking peons in a riotous Mexican scene.

In one adventure in Central Park, where the villain had abducted me in his flying car, and we were pursued by the hero in his swift machine, my stunt was to jump from one speeding car to the other. To do this required a lot of nerve, but I did it, and the hero bore me off in triumph.

In a circus play in which I was a bareback rider I had to fall off my horse and be badly injured. Here, too, it came near being the real thing, so far as results went, for when I fell I struck the ground so hard that I was picked up by the circus people more dead than alive.

But my sufferings have not been all of a purely physical nature. In "Electra," the Greek tragedy where I go mad, I had to work myself up to a terrible pitch of mental and nervous excitement, and for the time I thought I was really losing my mind. At any rate, the strain upon me was so great that my vitality was lowered and I went about in a terribly depressed state. You see, it was vastly different from the presentation of mere stage madness. On the stage one's agonies would soon be over and one could be going out for a drive or pursuing some social pleasure. But my motion-picture madness had to be protracted for three days, and the nervous prostration that followed was but natural.

At times we travel great distances to get the proper set-up, as vivid reality is absolutely necessary, and Central Park ponds won't do for Mississippi River scenes. Whole troupes are sent from New York to Mexico to get good backgrounds, local color, and atmosphere for



The heroine of a Mexican romance



Emotional Acting in a Hospital Scene

It is all in the day's work, says the actress, whether it is a ride on a nervous broncho, a power-boat dash, a kidnapping, an encounter with ardent Latin lovers, or a bit of melodrama with a sentimental setting

stage illusion in the open air, and that is the reason why every natural feature of the landscape must be taken advantage of, as it always is. I have said that correct local color is necessary, but there are exceptions. Over in the Palisades region there are plenty of good scenes for Wild West acts. The rough, high cliffs and the wooded country provide splendid backgrounds and a good "Western" atmosphere. A great many cowboy pictures are taken there. I have seen no less than five film parties, belonging to as many different companies, out in autos, drawn up at a certain spot near Fort Lee, on the Palisades, each awaiting its turn for a set-up. There is a New Jersey man who owns an old stagecoach of the Western type who makes a lot of money renting that coach over and over again to be chased by wild Indians through the Fort Lee woods. How do I feel when I am racing about upon the country roads as a cowgirl, with

laxation save the few hours that are given to sleep. And it is precisely this continuous demand upon her physical and mental powers that every girl must expect who really wants to make good as a motion-picture actress. As for me, I am never content with what I am doing. I want to do the big things—the bigger the better—and so my life is crowded with work and study and the day is never half long enough. As for falling off horses, jumping out of windows or off bridges, it's all in the day's work.

My work in the motion-picture business has not been continuous. Sometimes I would go back to the stage for a while and experience a relief from the hurry-scurry of picture playing. Of course every actress prefers the theatre to film playing, for she gets more satisfaction out of it, besides having more time to herself. Then, too, she has a better chance to make a name. But with all the hard work and the hurly-burly there is something fascinating about motion-picture playing, and it helps one's dramatic art wonderfully. Often after having done what I flattered myself was a good piece of acting, I have sat before the screen and studied my own movements and expressions, and have had such a chance to dissect my work as could not have been afforded me in any other way.

"How crude!" I have said on seeing some bit of playing in which I had overacted or had shown myself colorless or lacking in spirit. Sometimes it is hard to credit my eyes, to admit that I really acted in the way I am pictured upon the screen. But there is nothing truer than the fact that the camera never lies. There you are and what you have done, and you can't deny it.

The Truthful Photograph

ONCE Blanche Ring, who has an original way of holding her hands when she sings, presenting the backs of them to the audience and curving her elbows outward, beheld herself upon the screen in precisely that sort of a pose.

"Why, that isn't right," she declared emphatically. "I never hold my hands that way." But she does.

So strongly do I believe in this new method of studying the dramatic art that it seems to me only a matter of time when every actress who wishes to improve her work will have a moving-picture apparatus of her own by means of which she can have her movements and expressions brought before her for careful study.

The hardest thing that beginners have to overcome in their performances before the camera is self-consciousness. It is bad enough on the theatrical stage, but in motion-picture playing it results in a rigidity that shows up strongly in the photographic reproduction. This rigidity will sometimes attack a good actor and at the wrong moment. Perhaps it was this which resulted in the accident to Anne Schaefer. Miss Schaefer had to jump out of the second-story window of a burning house, an act that also has come within my experience as a motion-picture player. In her rehearsals of the jump she came down naturally and springily, but before the camera she stiffened up and her whole frame was tense, so that when she struck the ground both her legs were broken.

The motion-picture business is receiving lots of recruits from the stage every week. Some make good, many fail. But really to make good and keep on making good calls for all the requirements I have set down and one other, and the most important of all—work, work, work.

THE DAYMARE

Being One Reason for the Oversupply of Eligible Bachelors

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY G. WOLFE PLANK

I WAS young enough to believe that I was in love. She lived in a fashionable suburb of a Middle Western city. There remained three days of the Easter vacation of my junior year. She was one of those clean, starched girls who smell of tooth powder and soap. The temptation was too strong. I said: "I shall travel to-night—see her to-morrow—and return to-morrow night. She is above flattery, but this will flatter her."

What a forcing bed is to lettuce, a Pullman sleeper is to the beard, and upon reaching her city I drove to its best hotel, hired a room with bath, and had the barber up. I told him that I was in a hurry to be made presentable, and until he had the half of my face shaved he stuck to his business. Then, my nose between his thumb and forefinger, he began to procrastinate, to gesticulate with his razor, and to let the suds dry upon my unshaved cheek. He didn't exactly talk. He had rather a rush of words from the cells of memory to the mouth.

HE REHEARSED for me the ups and down of his twenty years' barbering. I attended his marriage. I was with him in the parlor when he found the letter from his wife which told him that she had gone to Ashtabula with her soul's mate—a gentleman traveling in perfume. I learned that unless I used a certain preparation of bay rum and quinine I should lose my hair. I accompanied the tonsorial artist upon that vacation in which he visited Niagara Falls. I saw his mother die of dropsy; my offended ears received her last messages. Boiled down, my barber had lived a dreary life—but he would not change places with the President of the United States—no, sir!

Getting rid of the barber, bathing, shampooing, resolving that I would learn to shave myself—or grow a beard—getting a suit of clothes pressed by the hotel valet, breakfasting—these things kept me a prisoner until twelve o'clock, upon which hour I sallied into that pale sunlight which is filtered through the smoke of soft coal, strolled a little among shops, purchased a gardenia, and boarded a cable car for parts unknown. To call upon her so near lunch time would, I argued, tend to earthify my purely ethereal business with her, and give it a look of petty graft. Furthermore, I had just breakfasted.

For fifteen or twenty cents I could see the sights for which her city is noted, and have them ever in common with her. I should see for myself those parks and cemeteries of which she had so loyally boasted to me; that famous avenue from which the velvet lawns sweep back to the mid-Victorian town houses of the first families. I should thus occupy the day until three or four o'clock, and then—peace, heart!—I should climb the steps of her father's house and—push the button.

A VOICE, quiet and confidential, spoke my first name, and a hand touched my shoulder. I turned and looked into the brownest face I ever saw, but one that I did not know from the face of Adam. Its owner was built like Hercules. He smiled and smiled in the friendliest manner, and so did the lady who sat between him and the window. I smiled and stammered and said that I was delighted to see them. They spoke in most affectionate terms of my father and mother, my grandfather and grandmother, my uncles and my aunts. Then, as if a sufficient footing had been established, the brown gentleman lowered his voice to the most confidential pitch, and said: "What do you think of the revelations in the Legislature?"

Not knowing what they were, or in what Legislature they had been revealed, I thought nothing of them, but I managed to say that I had been profoundly shocked. The brown gentleman shut his lips hard, and nodded a few times. Then he said:

"I don't know what we're coming to."

I said that I didn't know either, but that the conviction was rapidly being forced on me that all Congressmen and Senators were crooks, all laborers inefficient and dishonest, that all trusts were octopi, and that the country was going to the dogs as fast as it possibly could. The brown gentleman rose hastily and signaled the conductor.

"I'm going to drop off at my club," he said; "glad to have seen you. Look us up. Take my seat and talk to Mrs. Lenane."

I caught the name very distinctly.

She asked me what I was doing so far from my own city. I said that I had been obliged to come West on business. She asked me if business would interfere with my lunch. I said that I had an engagement between three and four, that in the meantime I was making an assault on time, with the intent to kill.

"Then," said she, "you must come home with me for lunch. I am dying to have you see our new house. Your mother would be so interested to have you see it. You know we were schoolmates. She used to visit with my people and I with hers. . . . That is the new Baptist church—the architect is a very young man, a sort of cousin of my husband's. . . . I had a letter from your mother the other day; she says that you are still determined to be an author. Are you writing anything now? What a strange coincidence, our meeting in this car! But, as I often say to Henry, fact is stranger than fiction."

We traveled many miles and I managed to observe my companion closely. She was one of those women who seem to have swelled after they have put their clothes on. But she was not fat. She had a way of looking very very intelligently in the face and not listening to what you said. She had a good many delicate gold chains about her. These were strung at long intervals with different colored stones of no intrinsic value. When she opened the black leather bag in which she had her purse, memoranda tablet, and handkerchief, a smell of new-mown hay filled the car. Once she asked a question of the conductor, and called him by his Christian name.

SHE made frequent references to New York, Paris, and Washington. Whenever she mentioned my university, which is Yale, she prefixed the adjectives *dear* and *old*. She spoke familiarly of senior societies. I gathered that Lenane had been a member of one of these. With that Herculean build of his he must have been a noted athlete. But I could not call to mind any oarsman or football player of the name.

At length we left the car, and found a surrey waiting for us at the curb. The horses, a handsome pair of bays, had very long black tails. The coachman, a Swede, had a very long blond mustache. When he saw his mistress he threw away the cigarette that he had been smoking.

We drove for half a mile between pleasant suburban houses. It was obviously a part of the city in which many young married couples had set up their household gods. The streets were full of comely children riding

it had been newly covered. And didn't I think there was danger of sparks from the fire damaging the brocade? She begged me not to put myself to the trouble of moving it for her. She would call the butler. But I was determined to oblige. The sofa was without castors. It took my united forces to lift one end of it from the floor, and move it back a few inches. Then I had to go to the other end and lift that backward, and so on. The room was warm. I felt with dismay that the inner layer of my collar was softening. Mrs. Lenane thanked me and we sat down on the sofa.

"You poor man," she said, "I haven't told you that I am having a hen luncheon. But you won't mind, will you? There are only three of them. They're dear girls. Your father and mother would know all about them. I'm giving the lunch for Dolly Ferris—she's the latest excitement in brides—just back from their honeymoon and just moved into their new house—such nice young people. He was a Harvard man; you wouldn't know him probably. His uncle was a great friend of your family. What an extraordinarily small place the world is, after all."

"Who are the others?" I asked.

"I'm sure you'll like them," said Mrs. Lenane. "There's Pierrette Cardiff—"

"Any relation to the giants?" I ventured facetiously. But Mrs. Lenane was a woman of literal mind.

"No," she said, "not that I ever heard. I think not. The name isn't familiar to me. I think I should have heard it if Pierrette *was* related to them. But we can ask her. She is a Vassar girl—graduated last year—very intellectual, and original. I think you'll agree with me that you never knew anybody *quite* like her—well, not *quite*. The other is Molly Davis—she's Vassar, too, but the quiet, sensible kind. I don't know any young woman with half the sense Molly Davis has—good looks, too. She's the kind of girl who nurses wounded people in war times, and listens to confessions. All our young men go to Molly about their love affairs, and end by falling in love with her. *You'll like her!*"

Punctually upon the stroke of one these three young women were shown in by the butler. There were introductions, during which we all talked at once.

To Miss Molly Davis I was drawn as by a magnet. She had in common with a dove the effect of softness and gentleness. We began to "get on." At that the assured voice of Miss Pierrette Cardiff dragged me away.

"Don't let Molly Davis pump you. She'll have your innermost secrets out of you in two shakes of a lamb's tail—or at the most three."

Miss Davis, looking the least trifle annoyed, walked over to our hostess and left me to the mercies of the intellectual Vassar graduate, whom I now had the opportunity to scrutinize more closely.

SHE was tall, well made, too thin. She had a very small head—rather snaky—thin, cold features. Her lips had too much movement in talking; they had an unpleasant effect of writhing. She didn't speak quite loud enough and she spoke much too fast. It was a real drain upon the mind to follow her. Furthermore, I had an insane desire to look at her nose. It was very thin and well cut, and the end of it was whiter than the surrounding face. She had a way of dilating and flattening the nostrils in rapid alternation. At the base of the left nostril she wore a square patch of black court-plaster. Another marked the left corner of her mouth, another the middle of her left cheek. I attributed these patches, somewhat vaguely, to too much coquetry or too much sweets.

"You're looking at my patch," said Miss Cardiff, as if she had but one. "That's the one and only secret I ever succeeded in keeping from Molly Davis. We roomed together freshman year, and I always wore my patch, day and night, replacing it, of course, from time to time when nobody was looking. Of course, Molly thought I had something to hide, a mole or a 'thing,' and said so, but I just said 'Noho—noho,' and kept her guessing. The whole class got interested after a while—there's more than one way of keeping a lot of geese interested—and what's back of Pierrette Cardiff's patch got to be a burning question—like who was the man in the iron mask—"

AT THIS point I came to the surface, you may say, as a fish does for air—my ears caught the sound of the little bride's voice—still full of baby tones. She was saying to Miss Davis and Mrs. Lenane: "Oh, I just *dote* on fresh radishes"; and then once more the swift interminable stream of Miss Cardiff's talk overwhelmed me, and I sank.



"I like to do poetry best. It doesn't tire your hand so much"

bicycles, performing such evolutions as six or eight of them riding abreast and holding hands. Mrs. Lenane called to many of the children and asked after their mothers.

Her new house, of a colonial pattern rather than style, was in the midst of large grounds of lawn and fine old forest trees, the whole surrounded by a tall picket fence of iron. The trees, leafless of course, and very black from accumulations of coal smoke, had a depressing effect, by no means enlivened by formal beds of tulips set in geometrical patterns. To my mind there is no flower so cold as your tulip. But Mrs. Lenane, calling attention to hers, remarked how warm and bright they made everything look, and of course I played the hypocrite and agreed very heartily.

A bright fire was burning in the parlor, which Mrs. Lenane called a living room after the new country-life terminology, and facing this was an inviting and massive sofa of what may have been mahogany. Mrs. Lenane told me that the sofa was an heirloom, and that

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"Well, I couldn't keep it up forever. One day Molly and I got caught out in the rain, and the first thing I knew my patch had come off, and she was saying: 'Why, Pierrette, you old fraud, you just wore that patch to annoy us—there wasn't anything back of it, after all—' and I said: 'No, my dear—nothing but a little bit of face.' I rather think I had the better of her. Tell me, by the way, do you draw?"

I shook my head. Luncheon was announced. We went in.

"You look to me as if you drew. I am very seldom mistaken about such things. Maybe you write?"

I said that I tried to.

JUST ahead of us the bride was saying to Mrs. Lenane: "I just dote on blue dining rooms." Mrs. Lenane's was blue.

"They're very much the same thing after all—writing and drawing," continued my persecutor, "aren't they? In the one you paint with colors, in the other with words. I have a little gift that way myself; but, of course, I can't give up my time to it. I'm the kind of person who never knows an idle moment—on the go all day long—mostly charities—now and then I write a serious article—or some little story just to read to my friends. I like to do poetry best. It doesn't tire your hand so much. Of course, when I write the trouble is to get my thoughts on paper. They come to me faster than I can put them down—faster than anybody could put them down. . . ."

"But don't you have to think about your phrasing?" I asked in despair. "Don't you choose your words?"

"Noho—noho," she said. "They just come—it's a sort of gift. Noho, I never have to think of how to say a thing."

I was told to sit in Mr. Lenane's seat at the head of the table.

"And," said Mrs. Lenane, "you and Pierrette seem to be getting on so swimmingly that I'm going to put her on your right. Dolly, you sit on his left; Molly next."

Miss Cardiff leaned back, took a gold cigarette case and match box from her chateleine, and placed them at the right of her plate. She left off in the middle of her soup to smoke and talk. For a few minutes she addressed the whole company. She proposed an act of legislation in which was embodied the principle of sterilizing the criminal classes. She became excited, so that her nostrils rose and fell like the sides of a terrified mouse. She touched on the nude in art, the last days of Guy de Maupassant, vegetarianism, and nut butter. I listened. I became dazed. My soul withdrew on tiptoe from the toils of her talk, as a man retreats from a rattlesnake—slowly and quietly, lest the reptile take unto itself offense, and pursue.

UPON my left the little bride was putting frequent spoonfuls of soup, point first, into her baby mouth. She was wonderfully fresh and pretty—plump, firm, and sound. Her hair grew strongly, her throat was very round and smooth, her baby mouth was very red, her teeth were small, regular, and extraordinarily white. A giant might have devoured her in three mouthfuls, as a man devours a boned quail.

There looked to be nothing about her that could hurt the giant on the way down. I thought her husband a

lucky man to have a creature so guileless, so fresh, so pretty in his house.

Upon my right the swift intellectual muttering continued its unbroken flow. I said to the bride:

"Mrs. Lenane tells me that you have just moved into your new house. How do you like it?"

"I just dote on it," said the little bride.

"Tell me about it."

"It's old colonial," she said. "Columns and inglenooks and all that sort of thing—" She bit a radish in half and followed it with a salted almond. "We had such fun furnishing it: my husband just *dots* on interior decoration. They have the loveliest chintzes at Untermyer's, and we got all our furniture out of an old Southern house near Baltimore—it's all old mahogany—don't you simply *dote* on old mahogany?"

Alas! the beautiful little bride could also ride a hobby. She took me shopping, shopping in shops, shops, and doting, doting until somewhere in the back of my head a still, small voice began to say—to the rhythm of Pullman car wheels at night:

"Dote-ity—dote-ity—dote-ity—dote."

"It was three dollars a roll, but I simply made John buy it for the porte-cochère room—it was the darlingest pattern of mauve urns filled with mauve flowers and the darlingest little yellow cupids; I never in all my born days saw a paper I so *doted* on—"

"I shan't ask you again!" It was the low, insistent voice of Cardiff in my ear. I turned to her in a kind of swift terror, as a rat turns to a cat, and I said:

"Please! I didn't hear you. I am awfully sorry—please ask me just *once* more."

"We were discussing poetry," said she, "and I asked you as a literary man what is your favorite line of poetry."

THERE was silence; the four women listened. I caught Miss Davis's eyes; they were upon me, at once grave and smiling, all luminous from deep within with compassion and understanding. Seven devils prompted me to say that my favorite line was:

"Dote-ity—dote-ity—dote-ity—dote."

But I resisted them. And I said:

"One of Browning's—I never saw a brute I hated so."

Miss Pierrette Cardiff narrowed her eyes, until it seemed that a man kissing her at that moment must have been impaled upon their points. I had a horrible, insane desire to experiment. As a bird fascinated by a snake's eyes flutters nearer and nearer to the reptile's fatal jaws, so I felt that I was swaying from the waist toward Miss Cardiff, that in a moment I was doomed to kiss her—and perish.

Innocence saved me.

"My husband and I just simply *dote* on Browning."

I was now enabled to look upon Miss Cardiff with safety—as upon a revolver that had missed fire, or upon a brink from which I had stepped back in time—

Her nostrils flattened and dilated. The patch of black court-plaster was loosening. I watched it in breathless fascination. It was ready to fall off; it hung by an upper corner. With the flattenings and dilations of the adjacent nostril it rose and fell.

Whenever it rose, I saw—red!

I said to myself: "If I were the Shah of Persia and had a harem as big as all outdoors, *she* would not be in it."

I followed the ladies back into the "living room." The fire was out.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Lenane. "How out of place that great sofa looks in the middle of the room!"

Once more I moved that great piece of furniture, end after end, and no longer had cause to wonder how my hostess's husband had come by his Herculean development.

I said that I *must* go. Mrs. Lenane said: "Now that you have found the way—" etc., etc. The bride said something to the effect that she and her husband would unutterably, superfluously *dote* on having me see their new house. Miss Pierrette Cardiff said: "Any time you want a drink and a bit of talk, you know where to find 'em."

Miss Molly Davis said nothing.

Well, neither does a day in June.

THE girl I had come to see was receiving callers. I had not counted on that. From the hall I heard the sound of a masculine voice, then of another more boyish. Then of a girl's voice—hers. She said: "Noho—noho."

Then, as the servant said my name:

"Well, I never did— Come right in—I'm glad to see you."

The two young men were not. They had on frock coats and very high collars. Beside the chairs from which they had suddenly risen were their high silk hats, their new gloves, their thick walking sticks. Each of them had in his left hand a teacup and saucer, and a teaspoon—in his right a piece of buttered toast with one bite gone. The girl had a square patch of black court-plaster at the left corner of her mouth.

First she talked with me of people and places that the two young gentlemen had never heard of. Then she talked with them of places and people that had never been heard of by me. Then she switched back to me.

"What fun we had," I said maliciously, "that day we got becalmed."

"Do you know," she said, and she might have been the little bride's younger sister, "I simply *dote* on the memory of that day."

When at last I got away the young gentlemen had each one bite of toast left. I shook their buttery hands very heartily.

One hand on the knob of the front door, I must have spoken my thoughts aloud. I said: "No, I shall *never* marry."

"I beg your pardon, sir."

I turned and found myself face to face with the girl's father.

WHEN I got back to New Haven, a sadder and a wiser man, my roommate asked me how I had spent my vacation. I told him that among other things I had run out to — for a day.

"For heaven's sake!" said he, "what did you do there?"

"I had a daymare," said I.

Shortly after this the statistics, age, height, weight, etc., of the Yale basket-ball team were made public property in a daily paper. My age was given as forty-five. My classmates laughed at what they supposed was a misprint. But I didn't laugh. It was the exact age that I had given the statistician—under oath. For, after all, a man is just as old as he feels.

The All-Southern Football Team of 1911

The Dixieland Players Are of High Class and the Game Had a Good Year

By NATHAN P. STAUFFER

THE ALL-SOUTHERN TEAM

End.....	Walton.....	Mississippi
Tackle.....	Freeland.....	Vanderbilt
Guard.....	Bonner.....	Auburn
Center.....	Morgan.....	Vanderbilt
Guard.....	Mills.....	Mississippi A. & M.
Tackle.....	Barker.....	Mississippi
End.....	Gillem.....	Sewanee
Quarter Back.....	Morrison.....	Vanderbilt
Half Back.....	Shields.....	Mississippi
Half Back.....	Hardage.....	Vanderbilt
Full Back.....	McWhorter.....	Georgia

scarcity of near opponents. Members of the S. I. A. A. are nearly all State universities, colleges of Statehood strength with eligibility rules of the highest, and lead-

ing for this higher amateur and scholastic spirit in the South has been Vanderbilt, with much of the credit due its athletic chairman, Professor W. L. Dudley.

The season of 1911 in Dixieland was notable for many things: (1) The first and most important being the absence of any fatal or distressing injuries; (2) Vanderbilt's decisive winning of the Southern championship; (3) the inability of any team (except a markedly superior eleven) to score except on a fumble or forward pass; (4) the number of important games decided on drop-kicks, fumbles, or forward passes (legal or intercepted); (5) the success of the forward pass in the hands of Vanderbilt, Georgia Tech., A. and M., and Tulane, and its failure or nonuse at critical times by Auburn or Mississippi in their important games; (6) the high-class kicking of all varieties; (7) games more interesting to the uninitiated spectator.

For the first time in many years Vanderbilt is the undisputed champion of the South. Usually Texas and Arkansas have entered strong claims for the coveted honor, but little Sewanee this year disposed of Texas and in turn Texas disposed of Arkansas.

(Continued on page 24)



Walton Mississippi End Freeland Vanderbilt Tackle Bonner Auburn Guard Shields Mississippi Half Back Morrison Vanderbilt Quarter Back Morgan Vanderbilt Center McWhorter Georgia Full Back Hardage Vanderbilt Half Back Mills Mississippi A. & M. Guard Barker Mississippi Tackle Gillem Sewanee End

Gratitude and Greed

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE faith of the country in the intention of the Democrats to begin a régime of economy has been seriously disturbed by the passage, within one week from the first day the Democrats sat in regular session, of a pension bill taking \$75,000,000 a year out of the Treasury. This disturbance of the public faith in their promise is necessarily a very serious matter for the Democrats, because the policy of economy is necessarily tied up with the policy of tariff reduction—the tariff cannot well be much reduced unless the expenditures of the Government are first curtailed. Consequently the rock is shaken on which rests the franchise that the country at the last election so hopefully gave to the Democrats to run the Government.

The Republicans Did It

AN ANALYSIS of the vote by which the pension bill was passed shows that the Democrats, while very seriously at fault, are less responsible than the Republicans, contrary to the public impression:

	For	Against	Present	Not Voting
Democrats	102	84	6	37
Republicans	127	8	—	25

Of those against the bill, 84 were Democrats—only 8 Republicans. The truth is even more favorable to the Democrats than appears from this; for the total number of Republicans in the House is 159, while the total number of Democrats is 230; that is to say:

80 per cent of the Republicans voted for the bill.
44 per cent of the Democrats voted for the bill.

More Southern Democrats would have voted against the bill and the Democrats, as a party, would have opposed it more vigorously but for a motive which is to the credit of their sensitiveness, if not of their courage. This was expressed by Fitzgerald of Brooklyn:

The time has arrived, in my opinion, when the men of the South are no longer justified in sitting silent when legislation of this kind is passed . . . because of a patriotic desire not to appear as sectional or biased against Union soldiers. . . .

In fact, when Dies of Texas made a speech against the bill, a dozen Republican orators were prompt with sneers and slurs, openly and by innuendo, to charge him with sectional motives.

How the Democratic Leaders Voted

PROBABLY the most accurate test of the real sentiment of the Democratic party (as distinguished from the collective sentiments, fears, and local exigencies of the individual Democratic members of Congress) on the pension measure is to be found in an analysis of the votes of the fourteen Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee. This committee dominates Congress as no other committee ever did before; these fourteen men, collectively, are to the present Congress what Cannon used to be to Republican Congresses:

For the Bill—Lincoln Dixon, Indiana; A. Mitchell Palmer, Pennsylvania; Winfield S. Hammond, Minnesota. Total, 3.

Against the Bill—Oscar W. Underwood, Alabama; Choice B. Randell, Texas; Francis B. Harrison, New York; William G. Brantley, Georgia; Dorsey W. Shackelford, Missouri; Claude Kitchin, North Carolina; William Hughes, New Jersey; Andrew J. Peters, Massachusetts; Cordell Hull, Tennessee. Total, 9.

Not Voting—Ollie M. James, Kentucky; Henry T. Rainey, Illinois. Total, 2.

The Democrat who ranks close to Underwood in power and ability, who is chairman of the second most important committee, Appropriations, John J. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn, spoke against the bill.

Democrats Who Avoided the Issue

AMONG the information worth recording in connection with the pension bill are the names of the six Democrats who, for such reasons as they may care to make public to their constituents, were unwilling to go on record and, when the roll was called, sat in their chairs and answered "Present." These six members were:

STEVEN B. AYRES, N. Y.	JOHN M. FAISON, N. C.
GEORGE W. TAYLOR, Ala.	HARVEY HELM, Ky.
WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Ala.	JOHN J. KINDRED, N. Y.

The Southerners among these may have wished not to appear sectional. Such an explanation is not available for the others.

A Welter of Cant

THE speeches in favor of the bill were, of course, a debauch of mawkish cant and hypocrisy. Scores of members made speeches without the faintest pretense of expecting to affect the result, which was foreordained from the start, but merely in order to be able to mail copies to the old soldiers in their districts. There were literally over a hundred speeches. Burke of Wisconsin recited "The Old Oaken Bucket," and Donohoe of Pennsylvania dragged out "Theirs not to

reason why—theirs but to do and die." The note of these speeches was always generosity; as a matter of fact, the motive that inspired nine out of ten was fear. When a man has told you that he will get even with you if you don't give him something, and you yield to him, the name for the operation is blackmail, and it is a gratuitous sacrifice of self-respect to arise publicly and call it generosity.

The Argument Against the Bill

LET no one get the idea that there is any opposition to pensions for the deserving; the opposition is to giving enormous sums to the undeserving, to men who were never in battle, never carried a gun, never suffered in health, never were south of Fort Snelling, Minnesota—men whose "war" experience was "a three months' summer holiday." (These words are quoted from Charles Francis Adams, a real soldier who served three and one-half years of hard fighting, through Secessionville, South Mountain, and Antietam—one of many honest old soldiers who favor every honor and every aid for the deserving, but oppose the present bill.) The following speeches made in Congress by those who are fighting the pension grab show the distinction clearly. Some of these speeches were made in opposition to the Sulloway bill in the last session, some against the present Sherwood bill:

WILLIAM HUGHES OF PATERSON, NEW JERSEY—"Mr. Speaker, I hope I can say that I have always been friendly to the men who fought the great battles of the Republic. . . . I will go as far as any man ought to go in the matter of appropriating money for this purpose, yet I want to say this, here and now, *though I realize the effect of my vote upon this question, that fifty million dollars a year is too big a price for the country to pay to bring me back to Congress.*"

FREDERICK H. GILLET OF SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS—"Every man would prefer to vote for this bill; every selfish motive prompts him to it. . . . Appropriations from the national treasury which will win us personal popularity are hard to defeat. . . . I think few members would jeopardize their political prospects in opposing it more than I do, but I do not think it ought to pass. . . . Let us give to ward off suffering, but let us not give to earn political gratitude. I appreciate fully the debt we owe to the veterans of the Civil War. I believe in generously admitting and paying that debt, and I think the veterans in my district have known and appreciated my efforts in their behalf. I presume my political enemies will attempt to convince them now that I have deserted them."

JOHN J. FITZGERALD OF BROOKLYN—"I shall favor any fair, just bill which will give relief to the men who are helpless, the men who are incompetent, the men who rendered effective service to the Government and who are in distress and need, but I will not vote for bills distributing money indiscriminately upon the deserving and the undeserving. *I should prefer to spend my remaining days not only in private life but in humble retirement rather than to vote for such a bill as this in the hope that it might make easier my path in public life.*"

All of these men, who either spoke or voted against the bill, showed courage, for it is estimated that there is an average of two thousand old soldier votes in every Congressional district, enough to change the result in most cases.

A Disagreeable Change

ONE of the saddest effects of the pension grabbing is the change it is beginning to cause in the public attitude toward the old soldier. It has been common to think of the veteran with sentiment; the blue suit and bronze button have stimulated generous and patriotic emotions. The pension grabbing is beginning to work a change; a disposition has arisen to regard old soldiers partly with shame and partly with resentment, to think of them as one does of those insolent and persistent beggars who follow you along the sidewalk in spite of repeated refusal, who try to bully you into almsgiving and snarl savagely when your refusal is made emphatic. If the pension grabbing, the lobbying at Washington, the bulldozing of Congressmen in their home districts, the shrill scolding in their official newspapers—if all this goes on; if the honorable old soldiers permit the pension machine to seem to represent their whole body, then this change in attitude toward blue suits and bronze buttons will become a sad but accomplished fact.

Eight Courageous Republicans

EIGHT Republicans voted against the bill; in so doing they showed themselves willing to defy their party. They risked their political lives for that most friendless of principles, economy:

AUGUSTUS P. GARDNER, Mass.	SAMUEL W. MCCALL, Mass.
FREDERICK H. GILLET, Mass.	GEORGE H. UTTER, R. I.
EENEZER J. HILL, Conn.	SERENO E. PAYNE, N. Y.
WILLIAM KENT, Cal.	GEORGE D. MCCREARY, Pa.

It is to be said that only two of these, William Kent of California, and Augustus P. Gardner of Massachusetts, are Insurgents; among the others, Sereno E. Payne is one of the most ardent of Standpatters.

Seven Frank Words from Uncle Joe

"I have a large old-soldier constituency."



An Absolutely New Product



A Scientific Discovery Which will Affect Every Kitchen in America

TWO years ago, a new and heretofore unknown food was discovered. This discovery remained a secret while the food was submitted to every possible test. Then, within the last year, it was furnished to a large number of chefs and domestic science teachers to experiment with. The tests were successful and proved that the food was ideal, something that the American housewife had always needed.

The many advantages of this new food may seem unbelievable to women who never have had an opportunity to use it, but they are now known, proven facts in domestic science schools and in hotel kitchens, where cooking is a science or business.

The product is purely vegetable and is to be used in cooking wherever you now use animal fats, such as butter or lard. There is not a meal served in your home in the preparation of which Crisco, the new product for frying, for shortening and for general cooking is not needed. It is impossible to give here all the advantages of Crisco, but the ones which come closer to home are outlined.

This Seems Impossible Until You Do It Yourself

YOU can fry fish in Crisco, and the Crisco will not absorb the fish odor! You then can use the same Crisco for frying potatoes without imparting to them the slightest fish flavor. Heretofore, you may have hesitated to fry fish because it meant the wasting of so much lard. With Crisco, not a drop need be thrown away; it can be used and re-used, which makes it very economical. Will you not make this fish and potato test and learn for yourself that it is possible to fry food after food in the same Crisco without imparting to one food the flavor of another?

Dry Frying—A Radical Change

THERE is another unusual feature of Crisco which makes a radical change in frying. You have noticed that the quicker you fry, the better results you secure. All cook-books say "Heat your fat smoking hot." Lard smokes and burns at 400 degrees, and any temperature above this point is not practical, owing to the discoloration and the quantity of smoke given off. You can heat Crisco very much hotter than lard (455°) and it will not burn nor smoke. To realize fully the advantages of this high frying point of Crisco, cook potatoes in it.

Cut the slices a quarter of an inch in thickness; soak them in cold water; then thoroughly dry them in a cloth.

Heat the Crisco very hot and put in just a few potatoes at a time.

Do not put in too many at once, or they will cool the Crisco and you will lose the benefit of its high frying point.

Crisco fries so quickly that a crust forms instantly and prevents absorption, thus the full flavor is retained and the potatoes are more healthful than when soaked with grease. The outside is a rich, golden brown and the inside is light and mealy, like a baked potato. No black specks spoil your food, and no "frying odor" permeates your dining-room and kitchen. When you use Crisco for frying, the improvement is so marked that you can see the difference at once.

Have you Hesitated to Eat Pastry?

FROM a standpoint of health, the discovery of Crisco is of great value. Pie has been called the great American dessert, and many have eaten it in spite of the fact that they believed it to be indigestible. Crisco makes foods more digestible. Doctors are the strongest

advocates that Crisco has. Many physicians personally are recommending it to their patients, because the vegetable ingredients, of which it is made, are more readily assimilated than are animal fats. They know that Crisco has great nutritive value, and since its discovery you can eat freely foods that heretofore you could not digest.

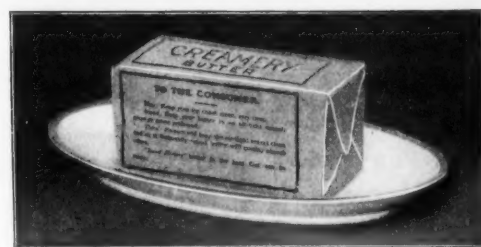
A New Standard

UNTIL Crisco was discovered, butter was the standard for good cake-making. Crisco gives a richer, finer flavored cake than can be made with butter. Butter is nearly one-fifth water while Crisco contains no moisture, but is all shortening. Cake made with Crisco may be kept longer without loss of its original fine flavor and soft texture. Both table and cooking butter vary in flavor and richness during the different seasons. Crisco never varies. There is but one quality—the best. Every package is as rich as the first one. This unvarying richness, this absolute uniformity enable you to make your cake delicious with regularity. Your results in cake-making do not vary in the exasperating way they have done heretofore, so you never waste foods because they do not "turn out" well. You get actually better results than with butter at about

half the cost. Crisco makes as fine and wholesome a cake as rich cream, with an equally delicate and delicious flavor.

Every Woman is Interested in This

FROM the viewpoint of economy, Crisco, the new product for cooking, excels. Foods fried in Crisco absorb less, consequently there is more Crisco left. In deep frying, it is apparent how little Crisco is used—



Butter Nearly One-fifth Water

how much of it is left, as one woman said, so little Crisco was absorbed that it seemed to her as though she had just as much when she finished as when she started to fry. This is another reason why Crisco is so economical.

Crisco also keeps excellently. It does not become strong. It is so clean and pure in origin and manufacture that it stays sweet and fresh. Crisco is never sold in bulk, but is put up in immaculate packages, perfectly protected from dust and store odors. No hands touch it, no unsanitary paddles nor wooden boats. You are sure that every package of Crisco is wholesome.

Dip out a spoonful and look at it. You will like its very appearance, for it is a pure cream white, with a fresh, pleasant aroma. It is crisp and flaky, just the proper consistency to make it ideal for creaming in cake or for working into pie crust.

THESE are strong statements, but they are facts which you can prove for yourself. Give your grocer an order for a package today. It requires no experimenting—you use it where you now use butter or lard, and in just the same way. Make the fish and potato test; try it for "dry" frying; try Crisco pastry, Crisco white cake, best of all try Crisco biscuits, and you will become a Crisco enthusiast and realize why its discovery will affect every family in America.

On request we shall mail a fully illustrated booklet, showing many other advantages of Crisco, the new, and heretofore unknown, strictly vegetable product for frying, for shortening and for general cooking. Address Dept. 3.

Sold by grocers at 25c the package except in the Far West

Crisco—Better than Butter for Cooking

Crisco is being placed in the grocery stores as rapidly as possible. If your own grocer does not yet keep it, you probably will find it in one of the other stores in your neighborhood; if not, we will send you by mail or express, charges prepaid, a full sized package for 25c. If you order from us, write plainly your name and address, and also let us have the name of your grocer. Not more than one package will be sent direct from us to any one customer.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., Dept. 3 Cincinnati, Ohio.

Finance—the Division of Wealth

*A Bear Is One Who Wishes the Price of a Thing to Fall. A Bull Is One Who Wishes the Price of a Thing to Rise.
The Average Animal Is a Man Who Is a Bear on Whatever He Has to Buy and a Bull on That Which He Wants to Sell*

SOME late quotations:

Metropolitan Street Railway stock, worthless, save as a basis for an assessment of \$12.90 per share. It sold at \$177 per share in 1901. Company insolvent.

Metropolitan Securities stock, worthless. In 1902 it sold at \$134.50 per share. Company insolvent.

Third Avenue Railway stock, worthless, and recommended by Wall Street brokers to be abandoned by its holders, who have either to take that advice or pay an assessment of \$45 per share. In 1902 it sold at \$134 per share. Company insolvent.

Interborough-Metropolitan preferred stock about \$48, and paying no dividend; in 1906 it paid 5 per cent and sold at \$87 per share. Interborough-Metropolitan common, about \$15; in 1906 it sold at \$55 per share. Company technically insolvent.

Rembrandt paintings, three for \$1,000,000, and non-assessable.

The Relation Between Stocks and Art

WHAT relation is there between the stocks of insolvent traction companies and Rembrandt paintings? Why, a financial relation, if you happen to see it. Finance is no such hidden thing that you have to seek it in books or schools of economics or in the wisdom of a Wall Street friend who may no more know what he is talking about than you do. It is everywhere. There may be a great deal of finance in the spectacle of twenty-two voters doing one man's work at a mortar trough on the East Side. Wall Street wouldn't believe it. Wall Street was so preoccupied several days ago with the arithmetic of an assessment of \$45 a share on Third Avenue Railway stock and another of \$12.90 on Metropolitan Street Railway stock that it saw nothing between the lines of the important art announcement that Mr. P. A. B. Widener had bought three Rembrandts abroad for \$1,000,000, having paid \$500,000 the year before for "The Mill."

Mr. Widener, collector of art, was one of the Ryan traction crowd that went through the street railway properties of New York City like locusts and unloaded their securities upon the public just before the companies began to go bankrupt. He began as a butcher; he is now a very old man (old beyond his years), quite bald, who dresses as a young man should. He is excessively proud of his feet. They are daintily shod. He will be survived by a wonderful collection of Old World art. If he hadn't first collected the money from people who couldn't afford to buy art, he never could have become a famous art collector himself. Possibly the people who contributed the money are indebted to him. If they are clean and well behaved, they may go to look at the pictures.

It was at first the Whitney-Ryan-Elkins-Brady-Dolan-Widener crowd. Gradually the hyphens disappeared. William C. Whitney died, leaving a large estate in which there were no New York traction securities. William L. Elkins also died. P. A. B. Widener became absorbed in art. Anthony N. Brady and Thomas Dolan were satisfied to be merely very rich. The man who emerged, towerlike, to become a power in finance was Thomas Fortune Ryan, who could out-trade, out-think, and out-wit any one of his associates or all of them together. William C. Whitney predicted of him that if he lived thirty years he would be the richest man in the world. He isn't yet, but he has lived only ten years since the prediction was made.

No achievement in modern finance is more sordid than the exploitation and financial ruin of the surface-traction properties of New York City in the hands of these gentlemen.

Into the Metropolitan Street Railway Company they had already merged all the surface lines of New York save the Third Avenue Railway System, when in 1900 they acquired control of that property as a sequel to a Bear campaign on the Stock Exchange. Then they had everything. From that time on the hyphens began to disappear rapidly; it was soon the Ryan crowd. The Third Avenue Railway was turned over to the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, which guaranteed dividends on its stock. The Metropolitan Street Railway Company was turned over to a nominal New York City Railway Company, which guaranteed dividends on its stock. The New York City Railway Company was sold to the Metropolitan Securities Company, which guaranteed everything.

The Method

WALL STREET had had some experience with Ryan. It distrusted him and looked askance at these amazing transactions. He knew better than anybody else how Wall Street and the public regarded him. So he proceeded in his inimitable manner to invest his scheme with an air of respectability.

He hired Paul Morton, out of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, "to become associated with Mr. Thomas F. Ryan in his plans for the comprehensive development of the rapid-transit facilities of New York City." That was a fine stroke. All of the Ryan properties were then headed for bankruptcy. There were only two solvent things left in the rapid-transit field. One was the Subway, controlled by the Belmonts, and the other was the Manhattan Elevated, leased to the company that operated the Subway. Mr. Ryan induced the Belmonts to go into

How Failure Pays

By GARET GARRETT

a magnificent project. Control of all the rapid-transit facilities of the city—surface lines, subway, and elevated—was delivered to a \$200,000,000 holding concern known as the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, which gave its bonds for the Subway Company and its stocks for the stocks of Mr. Ryan's Metropolitan Street Railway, New York City Railway, and Metropolitan Securities, which were, respectively, the surface lines themselves, the lessee of the surface lines, and the owner of the lessee of the surface lines, all three capitalized.

The preferred stock of Interborough-Metropolitan paid dividends for one year. To give it an air of great respectability, Mr. Ryan hired from Mr. Roosevelt's Panama Canal Commission Mr. Theodore P. Shonts who took the presidency of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company at \$50,000 a year, and unfortunately invested a large portion of his own fortune in its worthless common stock at \$50 per share.

Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan then retired, and had had no financial interest in the New York traction situation since.

A Vanished \$15,000,000

THE first of the Ryan street railway properties, ex-Ryan, to go bankrupt was the Third Avenue Railway Company. For a number of years prior to 1900 its stock had paid 8 and 10 per cent dividends and sold for more than \$200 a share. When Mr. Ryan's Metropolitan Street Railway Company took control of it in 1900 the first thing done was to increase the Third Avenue Railway's funded debt \$35,000,000 without increasing its earnings.

In May, 1908, Frederick W. Whitridge, the receiver, made his first report. Referring to the proceeds of the \$35,000,000 Ryan bond issue, he said: "There is, in my judgment, no evidence on earth or under the earth, of the expenditure of any such sum of money upon the Third Avenue System." Probably \$20,000,000, he thought, had been spent before the lease of the property to the Metropolitan, but as to the balance, some \$15,000,000, to trace it, he said, would cost \$200,000, and "there would be no certainty," he added, "after I had tracked it that I should be able to recover any part of it for the bondholders or the company." Observe that the gentlemen through whose hands \$15,000,000 had blankly disappeared, left so little behind them that the ultimate owners of the property could not afford to spend \$200,000 to track their own money. So the missing \$15,000,000 was never tracked.

Referring to the expenditure of the \$20,000,000 he could account for, the receiver said it had gone for work on which the contractors received 15 per cent on cost. "I am told," he said, "that in one instance there was counted around one mortar trough, not one man with a hoe but twenty-two persons of different nationalities, and all voters."

Mark the significance of the fact that the superfluous persons at the mortar trough were all voters!

After the Third Avenue Railway into bankruptcy went the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, the New York City Railway Company, and the Metropolitan Securities Company, and they went so rapidly that it became a wonderful scandal. A public prosecutor was elected by the people of New York City on his promise to pursue the traction looters to their lair, no matter where it was. But nothing happened. Nothing much ever does happen. A special Grand Jury made such amazing discoveries, testified to by Mr. Ryan and associates themselves, as that the traction crowd had made large contributions to State and national campaigns, that \$20,000 in \$1,000 notes had been handed in one envelope to Benjamin B. Odell, then Governor and chairman of the Republican State Committee, and that after the members of the traction crowd had personally subscribed \$500,000 to a national campaign fund, they paid themselves back, with interest, \$100,000 apiece by means of selling "a paper railroad" to the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. But nobody was indicted.

So you see how the spectacle of twenty-two voters at a mortar trough, the tracklessness in one instance of \$15,000,000, and the use of investors' money in campaign contributions may belong to a class of financial facts which tend to explain such facts of another class as:

That the gentlemen who in ten years went through the traction properties of New York City like locusts were never compelled to make restitution.

That the investors who protested against their outrageous acts were beaten in court every time.

That their properties went bankrupt, as they knew would be the case.

That the gentlemen responsible for it may now go to and fro without restraint other than that of their own inclinations.

That when they are photographed, they sit voluntarily.

That one of them is become a famous collector of Old World art, especially Rembrandts.

Say you this is a local matter? Think you it concerns only several thousand unfortunate investors in New York traction securities?

See how little one knows about finance!

The man who built his pyramid of financial power upon the wreck of these traction properties is Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan. The mind and means and morals of him have had the range to touch the welfare and comfort of widely unrelated people—videlicet, the holders of Equitable Life Insurance policies; videlicet, the consumers of tobacco in packages still paying the Spanish-American War tax, not to the Government but into the treasuries of Mr. Ryan's American Tobacco Companies, who shifted the tax in the first place by reducing the size of tobacco packages, and have never restored them to their former size; videlicet, the negroes in the Congo, whom Mr. Ryan is now exploiting; videlicet, all those who apply for credit at the public fund, a part of which is in the custody of banks controlled or influenced by Mr. Ryan. More deeply still, the minds and means and morals of Thomas Fortune Ryans, collectively, concern the anxious thinking few who realize that from some slight miscarriage of justice, in itself perhaps unimportant in comparison with what has been patiently borne, may leap the fatal spark to fire the public's uncontrollable indignation.

The minority holders of Metropolitan Street Railway securities were not passive. They protested to the courts that their property was being looted. The sequel vindicated their protest. But they were beaten in the courts over and over. How can that be explained to them?

In Who's Who, Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan is referred to as a man who acquired wealth in the development and consolidation of street railway properties. He first appeared in Wall Street as a Stock Exchange broker of small means. He fell in with men who had been consolidating omnibus lines and financing them into horse-car lines; horse-car lines, in turn, were consolidated and financed into cable lines, cable lines into electric lines, etc., to the ultimate bankruptcy of the electric lines, when all consolidated. Street railway lines have gone bankrupt elsewhere, but these went bankrupt, not in the hands of the men who had placed upon them their burden of capitalization and debt, but in the hands of the public. As his fortune increased, Mr. Ryan went into other things—notably into tobacco, which was consolidated over and over until it became the American Tobacco Trust, which the Government has just dissolved. Upon its dissolution the securities, to the amazement of everyone, advanced to very high prices and were very active. Then it was reported that Mr. Ryan had disposed of his interests and retired from the tobacco business. If he has left anything likely to increase in value, it is the first time. Those who have gleaned after him have done badly in all things. The power of his increasing wealth had the traditional outlets. It was employed to gain control of the institutions in which credit was stored. He gained control of the Morton Trust Company. Wall Street was amazed one day to read the announcement that he had bought control of the Equitable Life. That was too much even for Wall Street. Harriman denounced it. Presently it was turned over by Ryan to Mr. Morgan.

Into New Fields

HAVING "retired" from the traction field, and turned his back upon the thousands of distressed investors who mourned the loss of their principal, Mr. Ryan stopped one day in June, 1910, on the steamship pier, and said:

"I sleep like a baby. I don't remember ever having been in better health or spirits. I like my new life since I threw off the tyranny of details. Of all my business concerns, that which most interests me now is the Congo development. The mines in which I am interested are just north of those known as King Solomon's Mines. The outlook for gold there is probably unsurpassed anywhere in the world. I am interested not only in the industrial development of the Congo but also in its social and moral conditions. The solution of the negro problem there is perhaps the one which deserves the greatest attention. The great exaggerations to which currency has been given have not in any way changed the firm purpose of those responsible for the future of that region to correct any abuses that have heretofore existed. It may be of interest to the public to know that I have now in the Congo, exploring it in every part, more men than Henry M. Stanley had upon his expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone."

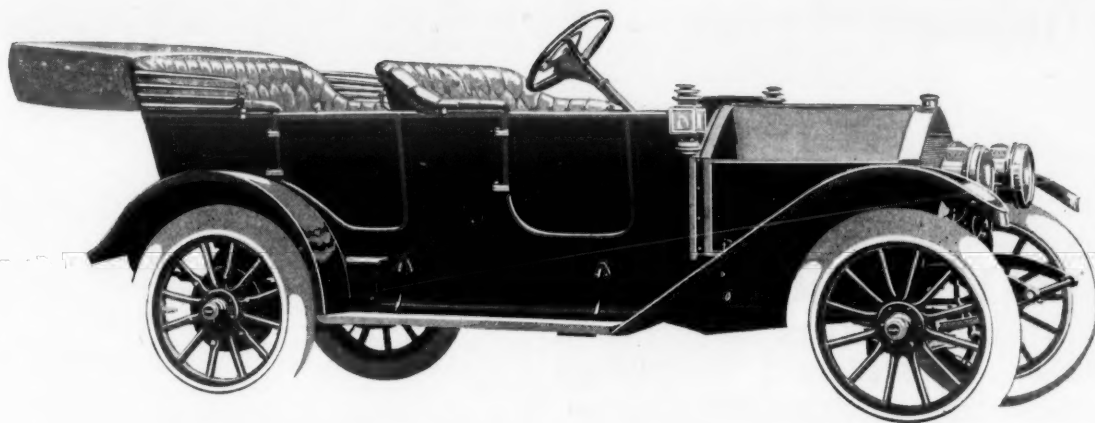
All from a start in traction properties, in which every investor lost his money!

But then, as with the Rembrandts, if Mr. Ryan had not collected the money from his traction investors, the improvement of social and industrial conditions in the Congo might have been unfortunately delayed.

Unfinancial Comment

TO THE holders of Standard Oil stock and fractions thereof—warning! If you are approached by an agent, especially if he be a religious-minded agent, who offers you \$1,400 a share for your portion of Standard Oil of Indiana, or some absurdly high price for your portion of several other of the thirty-four parts into

(Concluded on page 24)



This 1912 Self-Starting Marion "35"---\$1285

Five-passenger, fore-door touring car;
thirty horse-power; equipped with self-
starter; wheel base 112 inches; tires, 32x4.
No-rim cut type; two gas lamps; three

oil lamps; all-black enameled with brass
fronts; magneto; horn; tool-kit; oiler;
quick tire repair kit and pump. Top
extra. Price, \$1285.

THERE are any number of ways to "trim" the value of an automobile. And it can be done so skillfully that the average buyer does not know the difference. But let the buyer beware, for those who buy the cheapened car in a short time find they have a very weak and mighty insecure automobile investment. This "cheapening process" seldom touches those parts of the car which most people are more or less familiar with. The wheel base, horse-power, seating capacity, number of lamps, etc., are not generally tampered with. These surface facts are too much in evidence. But, strange to say, the most vital parts of the machine are cut to the bone.

To illustrate: You can take a \$10,000 home and easily cut a thousand dollars from its cost by putting on a cheap roofing material, substituting soft woods for hard woods on the interior finish, selecting inferior hardware, etc.—in short, weaken the whole structure. In general appearance you would still have the same house. It would still be the same size—have the same number of rooms—same size rooms, etc., but the difference would quickly show in rapid and costly deterioration.

It is the same with an automobile. You can weaken the brakes—put on a frail rear system—use iron instead of aluminum in the housings—use small wheels and tires—cheapen the upholstery, and easily cut the cost of the whole car twenty-five per cent. Thus the car is cut down and cheapened. And you cannot get away from the fact that when you cheapen you must weaken.

Against this condition the Marion "35" at \$1285 is a striking contrast. First of all the equipment includes the most improved self-starter. No more back breaking cranking. Just pull a little lever on the dash, throw the switch on the battery, and you're off.

The Marion rear system has never been equaled in a car of this price. There are five double annular bearings in the transmission; two Timken roller bearings in the differential; two roller bearings in the axle and one in the drive shaft. You cannot find a car below \$1800 that has this expensive line-up of rear system bearings. This construction makes its operation practically frictionless. The brake construction is the twin internal expanding type, operating within drums which measure four inches in width and fourteen inches in diameter—the same brake as you find on the highest priced cars. Compare this rear system and brakes with the rear system on cars of the \$1000 class, and you'll see where the "cheapening process" comes in. The Marion motor is the four-cylinder—four cycle type—rated at 30-horse-power. It will easily develop fifty miles an hour and has a record for economy. Aluminum housing instead of iron lowers the weight of this car 82 pounds and greatly lengthens the life of its tires, and, of course, aluminum costs more than iron. And the wheel base is a full one hundred and twelve inches. Not one hundred and eight or thereabouts, which makes three passengers in the rear seat a tight squeeze, but full one hundred and twelve, so that you do not have to sit with your legs crossed.

Run this Marion alongside of any car listed at about the same price. Look the two over. See how much bigger, better and stronger the Marion looks. See how much heavier the construction is. See if it does not seem more practical to invest \$1285 than \$1000. The additional price guarantees you additional strength and security.

See this car at once. Our 1912 book will give you all the facts. Write for a copy to-day.

The Marion Sales Company, Indianapolis, Indiana

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To Net 5½ and 6%

WE OWN and offer First Mortgage Gold Bonds, in denominations of \$500 and \$1,000, secured by improved, income-producing, centrally located Chicago Real Estate at least double in value the amount of the bonds.

We have sold such securities exclusively for the past thirty years without the loss of a single dollar of any client's interest or principal.

You, as a January investor, are entitled to profit by the experience of the thousands of conservative men who have been making investments through us for the past thirty years. Their collective judgment of what constitutes safety, substantial income and quick convertibility is a splendid guide and asset to you now when you are planning your January investments. It is our custom to repurchase securities from our clients, on request, at par and accrued interest, less the handling charge of one per cent—thus making them readily convertible into cash.

If you are genuinely interested in a type of security which has stood the test of thirty years' exacting investment experience, write for a copy of "The Investor's Magazine"—which we publish, twice monthly, in the interests of conservative investors. Write for January Circular No. J-7.

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ESTABLISHED 1892

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We are offering, to net 6%, a small block of a First Mortgage bond issue marketed by us some time ago. The bonds are issued under our plan of serial payments and the first installment of the principal has already matured and was paid promptly. The security for these bonds is conservatively valued at more than five times the amount of the issue. The bonds are guaranteed and this guarantee places behind them additional assets of nearly twice the amount of the issue. We recommend these bonds as a conservative investment.

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(Established 1865)

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There's no LYE in the can

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More About Divided Risk Real Estate Investments

Roundup, Montana, is a young city which has today a population of 1800 people. The assessed value of Roundup is over half a million dollars. It is reasonably certain that Roundup in five years will have 10,000 population. Yet Five Years ago Roundup was practically non-existent.

Roundup is one of seventeen young Pacific Northwestern cities located on new transcontinental railroads and surrounded by rich, agricultural, mining and timber lands, in which we offer you an opportunity to invest according to our Five-Lot, Five-Town, Divided Risk Plan. We own choice building lots in these seventeen young cities, selected from over three hundred towns which we personally inspected.

We offer you at attractive prices allotments of five lots one in each of five different towns: easy payment plan if you prefer. No interest—we pay all taxes.

Had we offered you a few years ago a similar proposition covering the cities of Denver, Oklahoma City, Omaha, Salt Lake City and Kansas City, five lots, relatively as well located, would be worth today at least Twenty-five Thousand Dollars.

This is a safe, secured investment—not a "land scheme." Our unique, divided risk selling plan safeguards your money and the opportunity for profit is exceedingly good.

Full particulars on request.

A limited amount of territory is still available for responsible representatives

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which is a thin, translucent material perfectly reproducing all the rich coloring of the most beautiful stained glass. Easily applied by anyone to ordinary windows, without removing them from the sash. Costs very little. Practically indestructible. Made in conventional patterns, also appropriate designs for any purpose. Suitable for doors, transoms, and windows in private houses, as well as in churches, hotels, etc. Send for free samples and catalog showing borders, panels, centerpieces and filling-in colors. Dealers wanted.

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Finance—the Division of Wealth

(Concluded from page 22)

which your original Standard Oil stock has been divided, be careful. Whatever else, do not sign a quit claim to your damaged feelings and promise to be friends forever with John D. Rockefeller in spite of your bargain, as the Merritt brothers did. Nobody apart from 26 Broadway yet knows what the thirty-four parts of original Standard Oil stock are respectively worth, but agents have been sent out to buy up the valuable parts.

Finance has lost its wits, indeed, when it will place David Lamar under the magnifying glass of public curiosity and charge him with having fomented the troubles of the great United States Steel Corporation. He is an interesting specimen. Under the glass he looks like two Corsican bandits. He looks like that in New Street to the naked eye also. In fact, he boasts of being two Corsican bandits.

Mr. J. P. Morgan has reserved for his private self the thirty-first floor of his Bankers' Trust Company Building at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, and Wall Street folk wonder why. Undoubtedly Mr. Morgan wishes to watch the ships of his International Mercantile Marine Company pass down the North River and out to sea. They are fine ships, and they do a tremendous business, but \$50,000,000 of International Mercantile Marine common stock is only \$4 or \$4.50 per share bid in the stock market, and \$52,000,000 of preferred stock is nominally quoted at \$15 per share. Mr. Morgan evidently wishes to see why. But he need not go to the trouble. If you issue \$100 of stock against a \$10 gold piece, there is nothing the matter with the gold piece.

A man may be great and courageous enough to heckle the President of the United States at a banquet and yet not

wise enough to know a monkey wrench by its looks. The monkey wrench Mr. Littleton hurled into the rapidly revolving gears of the Stanley Committee was a boomerang.

When you buy 100 shares of stock for speculation, you have to make \$25 for Wall Street and \$2 for the State before you can make anything for yourself. Those are the certainties, like the "Kitty" in poker, the "Split" at the faro bank, and the "Double O" in roulette.

Mr. George W. Perkins is a prophet not without honor, save in Wall Street.

What's the good of calling guilt personal so long as people regard money itself as impersonal, and respect it for what it will buy, no matter what it cost?

Lure of the Impossible

When you push \$10 over to the dealer, take a stack of chips and place them on the ace, you have to win your own money back before you can begin to win his.

What do you think of a man who pushes his money through the broker's window and then sits down by the ticker to win it back by guessing whether the price of Steel common will go up or down?

It would be strange enough if the price of Steel common were governed by pure chance, but it isn't. You are guessing against \$75,000,000 cash in the treasury of the United States Steel Corporation, whose charter permits it to deal in its own stock; against the big inside pool at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, and against the big inside speculators at 71 Broadway, who get the tonnage figures, the earnings, and the real news of the trade long before you can get it.

And yet there is a passion for gambling in Steel common on those terms.

The All-Southern Football Team of 1911

(Continued from page 19)

In addition, Sewanee defeated Alabama and Tulane and made creditable showings against every one, but succumbed to Vanderbilt—31 to 0. Thus does Vanderbilt owe Sewanee a debt of thanks for giving the Commodores such an undisputed claim.

The fight for second place narrows to Auburn, as, undefeated by any S. I. A. A. team, she won from A. and M. by one touchdown (A. and M. having defeated L. S. U.), defeated Tech. on an intercepted forward pass, and with a badly crippled team held Georgia to a tie—the latter defeating Tech., Sewanee, and Alabama by decisive scores. Several writers, especially Vanderbilt men, give University of Mississippi second place on her great showing at Vanderbilt because she defeated Mercer with Mercer's strongest team by a larger score than Auburn, and trounced Mercer 30 points greater than Georgia, but Auburn had a more consistent record in the face of great misfortunes. A. and M. of Mississippi is given third place because of a uniformly good record.

For captain and quarter back of this All-Southern team I would unhesitatingly choose Morrison of Vanderbilt. I have seen all the great American quarter backs since 1900, and he loses nothing by comparison—the man he most resembles is Daly, the Harvard captain and ex-West Pointer. He is a great general, a fast thinker, a wonderful dodging runner, and a great kicker, and only has one weakness: he cannot drop-kick. Another real leader is Williams of A. and M., the brains of the Mississippi Farmers. His playing standard fell after he was injured, but he has brains, fire, and dash; Woodruff of Georgia and Randolph of Mississippi are good, while Newell of Auburn is a fair quarter; but none possesses the self-confidence or the great art of Morrison of pulling a game out of a hole.

Two men stand head and shoulders above all candidates for the center position—Morgan, 6 feet 3 inches, 236 pounds, has passed the ball two years beautifully for Vanderbilt; he keeps the opposing defensive half back out of many plays, and is a good defensive man. Adams of Mississippi would have won the place had he not been injured before he met Morgan. Adams is 6 feet 1 inch and 180 pounds.

Guards were above the average. Bonner of Auburn was one of the best I have seen.

Another consistent performer is Mills of A. and M. (Mississippi), a 200-pounder of willing frame and growing experience; his defense in many games saved yards for

the Farmers. Metzgar and Brown (Vanderbilt) are stars and would be my choice had they stopped the Mississippi players from gaining over them; Causey (Mississippi), Stoney (Sewanee), Allen (Mississippi A. and M.), and Peacock (Georgia) have played fine games all year.

Tackle is easier to pick. Freeland (Vanderbilt) would make any American team: his 196 pounds of aggressiveness are in every play, his work on defense is a treat to see, while his tackling under punts is superb. Barker (Mississippi) for his first year was not far behind Freeland, and will make a valuable man next year, as his 190 pounds are combined with speed. Brown (Vanderbilt), Cogdell (Auburn), Maddox (Georgia), Covington (Vanderbilt), Ramsey (Kentucky), and Countess (Alabama) are men any team would be glad to possess.

The ends find Walton (Mississippi) and Gillem (Sewanee) excellent defenders. The former, with a long reach from his 6 feet of height and 180 pounds of bone and muscle, made Vanderbilt avoid his end, and his speed in catching Morrison in an open field shows his ability and spirit. Gillem is speedy and a good tackler, while his punting averages close to 45 and 50 yards. These qualities, combined with an ability to make good at drop-kicking in close finishes, stamps him as invaluable to any team. Goree of Tech. is another fine all-round end, and Vandegraef (Alabama) is an inspiration to his team. N. Brown (Vanderbilt) is a good man under kicks, and can stand a lot of punishment. McGehee (A. and M.) and Garrett (Tulane) played fine ball, being especially valuable in open field work.

First-class back-field men were plentiful, the two best being Hardage (Vanderbilt) and McWhorter (Georgia). Hardage is a beautiful dodger, acquiring speed easily; McWhorter is almost as good, and a better line plunger, due to his twenty pounds in weight over Hardage. Shields (Mississippi) is another fast man of the Hardage style, and a greater defensive player. His tackling is clean and deadly, while his punting is finely placed, and averages over 45 yards. Mitchell (Mississippi) is a hard runner, as is Myers (Sewanee) and Jennings (A. and M.); Sikes (Vanderbilt) will be a wonder before he finishes his career, and his side partner Collins is bound to share in it. Davis (Auburn) is a strong runner, but has a fatal tendency to slow starting; this would delay any back field, so I would move him to the line, where his fine defensive work would be of greatest value. Cahall (Mississippi) is a strong runner and fine kicker. On this

The All-Southern Football Team of 1911

(Concluded from page 24)

team I would have a line that would be over 6 feet in height, average 190 pounds, and be fast under kicks and a most powerful defense. In Morrison we have one of the best generals that ever wore a shoe—he could forward pass, or end run, or get off quick on side kicks. In our backs—McWhorter, Shields, and Hardage—we have three fine defensive men who can easily foretell forward passes, and each man is quick at picking openings or running in a broken field. McWhorter I would use at full back because of his 180 pounds of good line-plunging, combined with fine open field and end running. Shields could be depended upon to do all sorts of punting, and Gillem could be allowed to spend all his time drop-kicking.

McWhorter and Morrison would run back punts in a style to delight everyone. This team is one that would make any All-America team realize that the Southland had stars equal to the best.

The second team would be made up as follows:

Ends—VANDEGRAEF of Alabama, GOREE of Tech.

Tackles—COGDELL of Auburn, STONEY of Sewanee.

Guards—METZGAR of Vanderbilt, PEACOCK of Georgia.

Center—ADAMS of Mississippi.

Quarter Back—WILLIAMS of A. and M.

Half Backs—SIKES of Vanderbilt, CAHALL of Mississippi.

Full Back—DAVIS of Auburn.

The Indiscretion of Sergeant McCarty

(Concluded from page 16)

At first the dark inside seemed empty to Germain's peering eyes.

"There's no papers in it," he said, giving the lie to Buck's statement of contents. He tipped it toward the light and nearly dropped it in his surprise. "God, boys!" he gasped, "it's full of money."

In almost breathless silence that steaming mass of men riveted their eyes upon the table where big Germain was throwing package after package of bills in small denominations.

"Where did it come from?" asked Germain hoarsely of Buck.

"It come from Donnelly's," said Buck sullenly. "I fooled him and was bringin' it to the boys."

This poor, cheap falsehood needed hardly to be refuted, but yet refutation came in an instant, like the unheralded crash of thunder. One of the men who had searched Buck's pocket for the key to the grip stood fumbling curiously at a folded strip of heavy tinted paper. McCarty's quick eye sensed its meaning. He caught it up, shook out the long folds, and scanned it closely.

"A railroad ticket!" he shouted, waving the long strip over his head—"a railroad ticket to the city of Mexico."

It wanted nothing more. An avalanche of men suddenly rose up. There was no stopping it. Like the stampede of sixteen hundred cattle that great human current flowed upon the stage. Tables, chairs, scenery, stage settings went in and down and out with the tide. Each one of those sixteen hundred men seemed bent on getting his hand at the throat of the traitor.

McCarty could not halt them. Nothing could till they halted of themselves, and when that time came, and it was only two minutes in arriving, though it seemed an hour, almost the entire sixteen hundred men were packed on the great, barnlike stage.

Somewhere in the ruck, far up stage, cowered Buck Williams, and over him, protecting him, stood McCarty. From up in the flies a rope was lowered. Cries of "Lynch him! Lynch him!" were raised.

BUT in the rush and stampede the mob of weakened men had spent their fury. They had torn the clothing from the traitor's body, and he lay inert and breathless.

"Get back!" yelled McCarty when he felt that the temper of the mob had spent itself. "Get back where you belong!"

Like an ebb the tide flowed out again, off the stage, and into the auditorium. When the stage was cleared, McCarty dragged to the front a thing that crouched and stumbled as it walked. From somewhere in what had been the wings before the stage was wrecked, John Turney was limping. Upon his chin and the back of his hand was a crimson smear. He had apparently been further injured in the stampede, and spoke with the greatest difficulty. His white face was drawn, and a terrible ghastly light of pain and horror and hatred, mingled, looked out of his burning eyes.

"Let me—kill him—myself," he labored. "For God's sake, let me. My—baby—died to-night, McCarty, and Buck Williams is his murderer!"

He shrieked the last word hoarsely, with hand uplifted as if hurling maledictions. But the tide of his passion was more than his frail body could long sustain, and with a lingering look of unutterable loathing at the traitor, he turned and tottered back into the wings, where he collapsed upon the floor.

Williams crouched, Iago-like, in the center of the stage, his ugly, darting eyes creeping snakily about. He knew there was no law to fit his case, and his victim's will to slay him had passed for the moment at least.

Sergeant McCarty stood beside the man with the long strip of railroad ticket in his hand.

"Will I give him this, do ye think, and let the dirty haythen deport himself?" he asked, holding up the ticket and addressing Germain.

"Yes," said Germain with sudden determination; "give it to him and tell him to use it quick."

With shouts and execrations, the union voiced its approval.

WILLIAMS snatched the ticket sullenly and took a slouching step toward the door. Then he turned and fixed his black eyes hungrily on the overturned table.

"Ye're right, ye beast," exclaimed McCarty, following his glance, "we forgot the money."

The sergeant stooped and, with a swift motion, lifted the table. Uttering a low cry, Williams sank forward on his knees toward where the grip lay, crushed out of all semblance of its former shape.

"Get back!" exclaimed the sergeant, seizing him by the shoulder and hurling him away.

Beneath the protecting surface of the table were the packages of money unharmed, save that a few had been burst open by the pressure of feet that had trampled over the table top in the mad stampede.

From a broken package McCarty lifted a single ten-dollar bill.

"To keep you from starvin'," he said fiercely, thrusting the bill into Williams's hand. Then the sergeant turned to Germain and, pointing to the heap of money, said:

"It wouldn't hurt just to take these and pass 'em out to the boys. There's nobody like to claim 'em, and there's women and children at home that has as good a right to it as any. God knows how many more ear men's babies is hungry to-night."

"You robber!" shrieked Williams, lurching forward again; "that's my money."

"And an ugly price you paid for it," muttered McCarty, forcing him back through the wings to the landing at the top of the stairs. There was some parley, and then Dugan and Meyer took him and started down.

"Wait!" commanded McCarty. "Listen!"

The echo of shouted orders and then the shuffling tramp of many feet sounded from within. Presently the shuffling became a steady, monotonous tramp that seemed to move regularly across the front of the hall.

"They're passin' out the money to the boys," suggested Meyer.

"Yes," observed McCarty contentedly. "Let him go with that music in his ears."

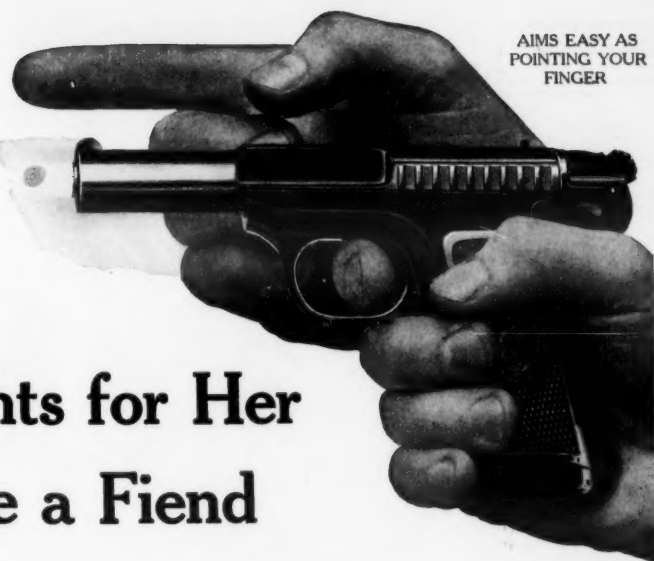
THE hands of Dugan and Meyer slipped off the shoulders of the man. Beating his fists together in impotent rage, he clumped bitterly down the stairs and off into the night in the direction of the railroad depot.

For a moment the men stood upon the stairs in the clear light of the rising moon.

"Mary, Mother of God, be praised!" breathed Sergeant McCarty, leaving a great sigh of relief. He lifted his cap from his face and brushed back the short locks that were matted in perspiration on his brow, while with his tongue he licked tenderly a contused and blood-dried lip.

The face of Meyer, who had glimpsed the mob at its most desperate moment, was still pale. The soul of Dugan, looking out of worshipping eyes, beamed admiringly. "Sergeant McCarty!" he chuckled, "'tis a wonderful man that ye are."

"A wonderful, lucky wan," assented the sergeant, and added, reminiscently: "It was my most serious indiscretion in twenty-yan years on the force. Let it be a lesson to both of ye!"



Fights for Her Like a Fiend

WHEN you want it quick, the Savage Automatic is right there to fight. The burglar has no earthly show against it, even in the hands of a frightened woman.

Let your wife have a dozen trial shots at a target with it. What happens? About the fourth shot she loses all fear of firearms and of burglars. She insists on keeping the Savage. She knows that when alone the Savage will make her feel safe. And she knows when no one is there to protect her, the Savage will fight for her like a fiend.

The Savage aims easy as pointing your finger. Shoots eleven powerful shots. Gets into action quick. Gets in the first vital shot. Follows up with one shot to each and every trigger pull. Reloads itself and recocks itself automatically. When empty ten more shots are slipped in in one second. Remember, burglars and footpads work in pairs, and this Savage arsenal will be needed if they come tonight.

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THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC



What's the Matter?

SOMEBODY HURT. An automobile turning a corner struck a man crossing the street who had become confused and did not get out of the way. The crowd is gathering to see the ambulance carry the man away.

Every hour of the day such things are happening on the streets. The carelessness of others and your own hurry puts you in constant danger of accidental injury.

There are a thousand other causes of accident. Not the least numerous are those at home, office, travel and recreation.

A \$3,000 accumulative accident policy, the best on the market, costs at the rate of about 4 cents a day.

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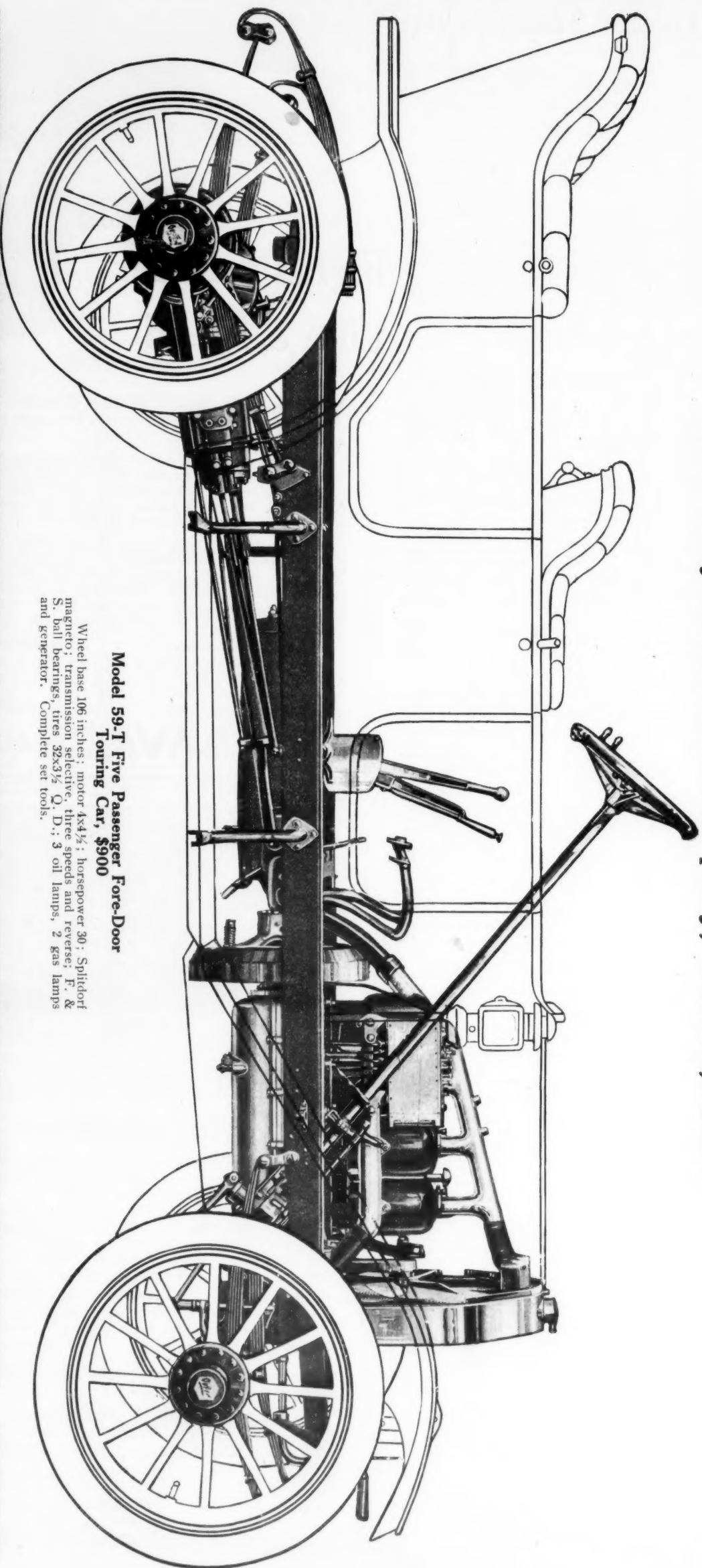
...sing, and have large water jackets. Crank shafts, connecting rods and other motor forgings are made of high carbon *manganese* steel. The motor is suspended from three points on the main frame, and is constructed in a way to accessibility of all parts. The size enable the motor to develop 15% more horsepower than any other motor of the same bore and stroke. The radiator is of the famous Kinwood flat tube type. The radiating surface is unusually large, with large diameter intake and outlet openings. The frame is constructed of cold rolled pressed steel, formed in channel sections of effective design, great strength and stability. Steering gears are of worm and worm-gear type. The steering connecting rod between the steering knuckles and steering column gear is placed in such a manner as to minimize stresses and vibrations.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

...drop-forged from one piece of carbon manganese steel and rotates in five bearings of unusually liberal peripheral area, ensuring quietness and extremely long life. Wheels are of heavy artillery type of spec. construction and equal to those used on the most expensive cars. Front axles are of the I-beam section type, drop-forged in one piece, heat-treated in the most approved manner in our own factories, and capable of withstanding the severest road shock. Brakes are particularly large and have ample friction areas. There are two brakes on each rear wheel, the inside or foot-brake which is internal expanding; the outside or emergency brake which is external contracting.

style, and scientifically heat-treated. We have tried to make this as brief as possible without omitting any of the essentials. It is the kind of information that shows you exactly what a car is made of. It covers in every single part of this car. Not only what the construction is, but how each part is made—showing each factory operation from body to bolt. Better let us send you one of these books. It is the most interesting and thorough work of its kind ever written and fully explains the ability of the greatest automobile plant in the world to make a car of the 30-horsepower, 5-passenger touring car type to sell at from 30% to 40% less money than any other similar car on the market.

Write to-day and ask for book B 212.



**Model 59-T Five Passenger Fore-Door
Touring Car, \$900**

Wheel base 106 inches; motor 4x4½; horsepower 30; Splendifor magneto; transmission selective, three speeds and reverse; F. & S. ball bearings, tires 32x3½ O. D.; 3 oil lamps, 2 gas lamps and generator. Complete set tools.



The Mechanical Excellence of this \$900 30-Horsepower Touring Car

IZE yourself with the mechanical side of an automobile and you can quickly arrive at any car's real value. This does not necessarily mean that you should know a car from A to Z as a professional engineer does, but you *should* know enough of the fundamentals to be able to tell the difference and judge values accordingly. The chassis is the backbone of an automobile and the more you know of this the more intelligently you can estimate a car's value in dollars and cents.

We have asked you to measure up the facts of this \$900 car against the facts of any \$1250 car on the market in order to show you the slight difference. Here we wish to acquaint you with the mechanical side of this car—to prove the thoroughness and fineness of its entire construction. And the mechanical excellence of this \$900 thirty horsepower touring car is best explained by a brief synopsis of the facts covering its construction.

The motor is a four-cylinder, four-cycle type of Overland design and manufacture. Cylinders are cast singly and have large water jackets. Crank shafts, connecting rods and other motor forgings are made of high carbon *manganese* steel. The motor is suspended from three points on the main frame, and is constructed in its entirety with a view to accessibility of all parts.

Welded to carbon steel chassis. Their design and size enable the motor to develop 15% more horsepower than any other motor of the same bore and stroke. The radiator is of the famous Kinwood flat tube type. The radiating surface is unusually large, with

The transmission is of the selective type—three speeds and reverse. The speed changing, final drive, and differential gears are contained in the rear axle unit.

A smoother, more delicate, and at the same time more positive clutch than the Overland cone clutch does not exist. It is of such design and construction that in starting the car there is never a shock or jar. The facing is not lubricated. It is, therefore, unaffected by weather conditions.

This is the only car in its class provided with a five-bearing crank shaft. This crank shaft is drop-forged from one piece of carbon manganese steel and rotates in five bearings of unusually liberal peripheral area, ensuring quietness and extremely long life.

Wheels are of heavy artillery type of special construction and equal to those used on the most expensive cars. Front axles are of the I-beam section type,

Springs are of the semi-elliptic and three-quarter elliptic type. The rear springs are mounted on spring chains that have a lubricated bearing on the rear axle tubes. This form of construction produces an easy-riding car, as it permits the springs to act freely.

Final drive is effected from the propeller shaft to the rear axle by means of accurately cut and carefully hardened bevel gears, the usual differential and two live axle shafts which drive the rear wheels. Special roller bearings are provided for all rotating components, and the bevel gears and pinion are of drop-forged nickel steel, cut in accurate Overland style, and scientifically heat-treated.

We have tried to make this as brief as possible without omitting any of the essentials. It is the kind of information that shows you exactly what a

to read. It covers in detail every single part of this car. Not only what the construction is, but how each part is made—showing each factory operation from body to bolt.

Be sure to get this heating



This is a typical scene in thousands of homes with the coming of nipping, bitter cold. It is not our advertising that sells our heating outfits. Of course we sell directly through advertising some thousands of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. But the many, many thousands of these outfits being put in annually all over the civilized world—on the farms and in the cities—are sold through the families that bought outfits in the years before and who now enthusiastically tell their relatives and friends of the health-protecting comfort and economies of

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. The more you tell, the more we'll sell. It is this mouth-to-mouth advertising that carries conviction—because the users well know from present experience the comfort, convenience and economies of our outfits—as compared with earlier experiences in paying the bills and suffering the ills of old-fashioned heating.

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